THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

THE PELICAN ISLANDS. MISCELLANIES. SACRED AND SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS. APPENDIX.

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THE PELICAN ISLAND.

PREFACE.

THE subject of *The Pelican Island* was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's Voyage to Terra Australis. Describing one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands, he says, — "Upon two of these we found many young Pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding places; not only so, but, from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that for ages these had been selected for the closing scene of their existence. Certainly, none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than these islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited island [called by Captain F. KangarooIsland], situate upon an unknown coast, near the antipodes of Europe; nor can any thing be more consonant to their feelings, if Pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it." — Captain Flinders was particularly struck with the appearance of one of these islands, on the surface of

which were scattered the relics of a great number of trees, prostrated by some tremendous storm, or, as he conjectured, self-ignited by the friction of dead branches in a strong wind. This fact (adopting the former hypothesis) suggested the catastrophe described at the close of the third Canto of the Poem.

Having determined not to incumber his volume with notes, which might plausibly have been done to a great extent, — and believing, that those readers, who shall be sufficiently interested in the Poem to desire further knowledge of the subjects progressively reviewed in it, may readily satisfy themselves from popular books of voyages, and natural history, — the Author will merely offer, in this place, an illustration of the nature of coral reefs, extracted from Captain Basil Hall's Voyage to the Island of Loo Choo, in the Chinese Sea.

"The examination of a coral reef during the different stages of one tide is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which before were invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid mo-

tion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark color, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken about high-water-mark, it is a solid hard stone; but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colors, some being as fine as a thread, and several feet long, of a bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue color; others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

"The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef of course no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts in succession reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from growing higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But the growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation; for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and, in the next, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bow may strike

against the rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger."

With these brief quotations to explain the two principal circumstances on which the poem is founded, the Author abandons his *Pelican Island* to the judgment of the public, having no hope to conciliate favor by apology or vindication, where he has painfully felt that both would be necessary, if the success or failure of his work did not wholly depend on the manner in which it had been executed. He only requests the reader to bear in mind, that the narrative is supposed to be delivered by the imaginary being who witnesses the series of events, *after* the whole has happened, and who therefore describes them in such language, and with such illustrations, as the knowledge which he *then* possessed enabled him to use, whether he be identified with the Author, or (if the latter will so far condescend) with the reader himself, as spectator, actor, thinker, in this masquerade of

"Truth severe by fairy-fiction drest."

Sheffield, July 19, 1827.

THE PELICAN ISLAND.

CANTO FIRST.

Methought I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd;
While Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought
New and amazing changes: — these I sing.

Sky, sun, and sea were all the universe;
The sky, one blue, interminable arch,
Without a breeze, a wing, a cloud: the sun
Sole in the firmament, but in the deep
Redoubled; where the circle of the sea,
Invisible with calmness, seem'd to lie
Within the hollow of a lower heaven.

I was a Spirit in the midst of these,
All eye, ear, thought; existence was enjoyment;
Light was an element of life, and air
The clothing of my incorporeal form, —

A form impalpable to mortal touch,
And volatile as fragrance from the flower,
Or music in the woodlands. What the soul
Can make itself at pleasure, that I was;
A child in feeling and imagination,
Learning new lessons still, as Nature wrought
Her wonders in my presence. All I saw
(Like Adam when he walk'd in Paradise)
I knew and named by secret intuition.
Actor, spectator, sufferer, each in turn,
I ranged, explored, reflected. Now I sail'd,
And now I soar'd; anon expanding, seem'd
Diffused into immensity, yet bound
Within a space too narrow for desire;
The mind, the mind perpetual themes must task,
Perpetual power impel, and hope allure.
I and the silent sun were here alone,
But not companions; high and bright he held
His course; I gazed with admiration on him,—
There all communion ended; and I sigh'd,
In loneliness unutterable sigh'd,
To feel myself a wanderer without aim,
An exile amidst splendid desolation,
A prisoner with infinity surrounded.

The sun descended, dipp'd, and disappear'd;
Then sky and sea were all the universe,
And I the only being in existence!
So thought I, and the thought, like ice and fire,
Went freezing, burning, withering, thrilling through
me;

Annihilation then had been deliverance,
While that eternity of solitude
Lay on my heart, hard struggling to break free,
As from a dream, when mountains press the sleeper.

Darkness, meanwhile, disguised in twilight, crept
O'er air and ocean; drearier gloom involved
My fainting senses, till a sudden ray
Of pensile lustre sparkled from the west;
I flew to meet it, but drew never nearer,
While, vanishing and re-appearing oft,
At length it trembled out into a star.
My soul revived, and could I then have wept
(Methought I did), with tears of fond delight,
How had I hail'd the gentle apparition,
As second life to me; so sweetly welcome
The faintest semblance of society,
Though but a point to rest the eye upon,
To him who hath been utterly bereaved!
— Star after star, from some unseen abyss,
Came through the sky, like thoughts into the mind,
We know not whence; till all the firmament
Was throng'd with constellations, and the sea
Strown with their images. Amidst a sphere
Of twinkling lights, like living eyes, that look'd
At once on me from every side, I stood
(Motion and rest with me were mere volition),
Myself perhaps a star among the rest!
But here again I found no fellowship;
Sight could not reach, nor keenest thought conceive
Their nature or their offices. To me

They were but what they seem'd, and yet I felt
They must be more; the mind hath no horizon,
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.

Low in the east, ere long, the morning dawn
Shot upward, onward, and around the pole,
With arrowy glimpses traversing the shade.
Night's train, as they had kindled one by one,
Now one by one withdrew, reversing order,
Where those that came the latest, earliest went:
Day rose triumphant, and again to me
Sky, sun, and sea were all the universe;
But ah! the glory had departed, and I long'd
For some untried vicissitude: — it came.

A breeze sprang up, and with careering wing
Play'd like an unseen being on the water.
Slowly from slumber 'woke the unwilling main,
Curling and murmuring, till the infant waves
Leap'd on his lap, and laugh'd in air and sunshine.
Then all was bright and beautiful emotion,
And sweet accordance of susurrant sounds.
I felt the gay delirium of the scene;
I felt the breeze and billow chase each other,
Like bounding pulses in my human veins:
For, though impassive to the elements,
The form I wore was exquisitely tuned
To Nature's sympathies; joy, fear, hope, sorrow,
(As though I yet were in the body) moved,
Elated, shook, or tranquillized my soul.

Thus pass'd the day: night follow'd, deck'd with stars
Innumerable, and the pale new moon,
Beneath her feet, a slight inverted crescent,
Soon disappearing.
Time flew on, and brought
Alternate morn and eve. The sun, the stars,
The moon through all her phases, waxing, waning,
The planets seeking rest, and finding none,
— These were the only objects in mine eye,
The constant burden of my thoughts, perplex'd
With vain conjectures why they were created.

Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,
Looking around for comfort, I descried,
Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,
A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery,
For each new image sprang a new idea,
The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.
The little vapor rapidly expanded,
Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,
And threw a starless night upon the sea.
Eagerly, tremblingly, I watch'd the end.
Faint gleam'd the lightning, follow'd by no peal;
Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind,
Unprison'd, blew its trumpet loud and shrill;
Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain
Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder
Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven:
Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness,

Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all
The voices of the storm beside; meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;
Mountains each other swallowing, and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys
Upstarting, join'd the battle; like those sons
Of earth, — Giants, rebounding as new-born
From every fall on their unwearied mother.
I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife:
Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges;
Above, the array of lightnings, like the swords
Of cherubim, wide-brandish'd, to repel
Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes
Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.

The voice of Him who walks upon the wind,
And sets his throne upon the floods, rebuked
The headlong tempest in its mid-career,
And turn'd its horrors to magnificence.
The evening sun broke through the embattled clouds,
And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,
A radiant girdle, binding them to peace,
In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;
No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,
That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,
And underarch'd the ocean. 'T was a scene,
That left itself for ever on my mind.

Night, silent, cool, transparent, crown'd the day;
The sky receded further into space,
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,

Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Twinkled from east to west by one consent.
The constellations round the arctic pole,
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,
But in their stead, Orion through the north
Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen,
Quick scintillations, in the zenith reign'd.
The south unveil'd its glories; — there, the Wolf,
With eyes of lightning, watch'd the Centaur's spear;
Through the clear hyaline, the Ship of Heaven
Came sailing from eternity; the Dove,
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way;
There, at the footstool of JEHOVAH'S throne,
The Altar, kindled from His presence, blazed;
There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love:
The Heavens declared the glory of the LORD,
The firmament display'd his handiwork.

With scarce inferior lustre gleam'd the sea,
Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,
And left the fragments glittering on the field.

Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the breeze
And waters skirmish'd; bubble-armies fought
Millions of battles on the crested surges,
And where they fell, all cover'd with their glory,
Traced, in white foam on the cerulean main,
Paths, like the milky-way among the stars.

Charm'd with the spectacle, yet deeply touch'd
With a forlorn and not untender feeling —
"Why," said my thoughts within me, "why this waste
Of loveliness and grandeur unenjoy'd?
Is there no life throughout this fair existence?
Sky, sun, and sea, the moon, the stars, the clouds,
Wind, lightning, thunder, are but ministers;
They know not what they are, nor what they do:
O for the beings for whom these were made!"

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself *alive*.
Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crown'd the dimpling eddy,

Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air, —
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long light wings, that flung a diamond shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, — on the surge,
A shoal of Dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glow'd with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colors came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes, —
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Look'd forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

These were but preludes to the revelry
That reign'd at sunset: then the deep let loose
Its blithe adventurers to sport at large,
As kindly instinct taught them; buoyant shells,
On stormless voyages, in fleets or single,
Wherried their tiny mariners; aloof,
On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures,
The flying fishes darted to and fro;
While spouting Whales projected wat'ry columns,

That turn'd to arches at their height, and seem'd
The skeletons of crystal palaces,
Built on the blue expanse, then perishing,
Frail as the element which they were made of:
Dolphins, in gambols, lent the lucid brine
Hues richer than the canopy of eve,
That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds,
Decaying into gloom more beautiful
Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost:
Till light that hides, and darkness that reveals
The stars, — éxchanging guard, like sentinels
Of day and night, — transform'd the face of nature:
Above was wakefulness, silence around,
Beneath, repose, — repose that reach'd even me.
Power, will, sensation, memory, fail'd in turn;
My very essence seem'd to pass away,
Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,
Lost in the blue immensity of heaven.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO SECOND.

Life's intermitting pulse again went on:
I woke amidst the beauty of a morn,
That shone as bright within me as around.
The presence-chamber of the soul was full
Of flitting images and rapturous thoughts;
For eye and mind were open'd to explore
The secrets of the abyss erewhile conceal'd.
The floor of ocean, never trod by man,
Was visible to me as heaven's round roof,
Which man hath never touch'd; the multitude
Of living things, in that new hemisphere,
Gleam'd out of darkness, like the stars at midnight,
When moon nor clouds, with light or shade, obscure them.
For, as in hollows of the tide-worn reef,
Left at low water glistening in the sun,
Pellucid pools and rocks in miniature,
With their small fry of fishes, crusted shells,
Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weed, sparkling pebbles,
Enchant the eye, and tempt the eager hand
To violate the fairy paradise,
— So to my view the deep disclosed its wonders.

In the free element beneath me swam,
Flounder'd, and dived, in play, in chase, in battle,

Fishes of every color, form, and kind,
(Strange forms, resplendent colors, kinds unnumber'd),
Which language cannot paint, and mariner
Hath never seen; from dread Leviathan
To insect millions peopling every wave;
And nameless tribes, half-plant, half-animal,
Rooted and slumbering through a dream of life.
The livelier inmates to the surface sprang,
To taste the freshness of heaven's breath, and feel
That light is pleasant, and the sunbeam warm.
Most in the middle region sought their prey,
Safety, or pastime; solitary some,
And some in pairs affectionately join'd;
Others in shoals immense, like floating islands,
Led by mysterious instinct through that waste
And trackless region, though on every side
Assaulted by voracious enemies,
— Whales, sharks, and monsters, arm'd in front or jaw,
With swords, saws, spiral horns, or hooked fangs.
While ravening Death of slaughter ne'er grew weary
Life multiplied the immortal meal as fast.
War, reckless, universal war, prevail'd;
All were devourers, all in turn devour'd;
Yet every unit in the uncounted sum
Of victims had its share of bliss, its pang,
And but a pang, of dissolution; each
Was happy till its moment came, and then
Its first, last suffering, unforeseen, unfear'd,
Closed, with one struggle, pain and life for ever.

So He ordain'd, whose way is in the sea,
His path amidst great waters, and his steps
Unknown; — whose judgments are a mighty deep.
Where plummet of Archangel's intellect
Could never yet find soundings, but from age
To age let down, drawn up, then thrown again,
With lengthen'd line and added weight, still fails;
And still the cry in Heaven is, "O the depth!"

Thus, while bewilder'd with delight I gazed
On life in every shape it here assumed,
Congenial feelings made me follow it,
And try to be whatever I beheld:
By mental transmigration thus I pass'd
Through many a body, and in each assay'd
New instincts, powers, enjoyments, death itself;
Till, weary with the fanciful pursuit,
I started from that idle reverie.
Then grew my heart more desolate than ever;
Here had I found the beings which I sought,
— Beings for whom the universe was made,
Yet none of kindred with myself. In vain
I strove to waken sympathy in breasts
Cold as the element in which they moved,
And inaccessible to fellowship
With me, as sun and stars, as winds and vapors:
Sense had they, but no more; mind was not there.
They roam'd, they fed, they slept, they died, and left
Race after race, to roam, feed, sleep, then die,
And leave their like through endless generations:
— Incessant change of actors, none of scene,

Through all that boundless theatre of strife!
Shrinking into myself again, I cried,
In bitter disappointment, — "Is this all?"

I sent a glance at random from the cloud,
In which I then lay floating through mid-heaven,
To ocean's innermost recess; — when lo!
Another seal of Nature's book was open'd,
Which held transported thought so deep entranced,
That Time, though borne through mightiest revolutions,
Seem'd, like the earth in motion, to stand still.
The works of ages grew beneath mine eye;
As rapid intellect calls up events,
Combines, compresses, moulds them, with such power,
That, in a little page of memory,
An empire's annals lie, — a nation's fortunes
Pass in review, as motes through sunbeams pass,
Glistening and vanishing in quick succession,
Yet each distinct as though there were but one;
— So thrice a thousand years, with all their issues,
Hurried before me, through a gleam of Time,
Between the clouds of two eternities, —
That whence they came, and that to which they tended.

Immeasurable continents beneath
The expanse of animated waters lay,
Not strown, — as I have *since* discern'd the tracks
Of voyagers, — with shipwrecks and their spoils,
The wealth of merchants, the artillery
Of war, the chains of captives, and the gems

That glow'd upon the brow of beauty; crowns
Of monarchs, swords of heroes, anchors lost,
That never had let go their hold in storms;
Helms, sunk in port, that steer'd adventurous barks
Round the wide world; bones of dead men, that made
A hidden Golgotha where they had fallen,
Unseen, unsepulchred, but not unwept
By lover, friend, relation, far away,
Long waiting their return to home and country,
And going down into their fathers' graves
With their grey hairs or youthful locks in sorrow,
To meet no more till seas give up their dead:
Some too — ay thousands — whom none living mourn'd,
None miss'd, — waifs in the universe, the last,
Lorn links of kindred chains for ever sunder'd.

Not such the spectacle I now survey'd:
No broken hearts lay here; no aching heads,
For whose vast schemes the world was once too small,
And life too short, in Death's dark lap found rest
Beneath the unresting wave; — but skeletons
Of Whales and Krakens here and there were scatter'd,
The prey when dead of tribes, their prey when living:
And, seen by glimpses, but awakening thoughts
Too sad for utterance, — relics huge and strange
Of the old world that perish'd by the flood,
Kept under chains of darkness till the judgment.
— Save these, lay ocean's bed, as from the hand
Of its Creator, hollow'd and prepared
For his unfathomable counsels there,

To work slow miracles of power divine,
From century to century, — nor less
Incomprehensible than heaven and earth
Form'd in six days by His commanding word.
With GOD a thousand years are as one day;
He in one day can sum a thousand years:
All acts with Him are equal; for no more
It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
And set a sun amidst the firmament,
Than mould a dew-drop, and light up its gem.

This was the landscape stretch'd beneath the flood:
— Rocks, branching out like chains of Alpine mountains;
Gulfs intervening, sandy wildernesses,
Forests of growth enormous, caverns, shoals;
Fountains upspringing, hot and cold, and fresh
And bitter, as on land; volcanic fires
Fiercely out-flashing from earth's central heart,
Nor soon extinguish'd by the rush of waters
Down the rent crater to the unknown abyss
Of Nature's laboratory, where she hides
Her deeds from every eye except her Maker's:
— Such were the scenes which ocean open'd to me;
Mysterious regions, the recluse abode
Of unapproachable inhabitants,
That dwelt in everlasting darkness there.
Unheard by them the roaring of the wind,
The elastic motion of the wave unfelt;
Still life was theirs, well pleasing to themselves,
Nor yet unuseful, as my song shall show.

Here, on a stony eminence, that stood,
Girt with inferior ridges, at the point,
Where light and darkness meet in spectral gloom,
Midway between the height and depth of ocean,
I mark'd a whirlpool in perpetual play,
As though the mountain were itself alive,
And catching prey on every side, with feelers
Countless as sunbeams, slight as gossamer:
Ere long transfigured, each fine film became
An independent creature, self-employ'd,
Yet but an agent in one common work,
The sum of all their individual labors.
Shapeless they seem'd, but endless shapes assumed;
Elongated like worms, they writhed and shrunk
Their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions;
Compress'd like wedges, radiated like stars,
Branching like sea-weed, whirl'd in dazzling rings;
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute
And curious observations caught the clew
To this live labyrinth, — where every one,
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task;
— To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd;
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs; then breed and die
As all their ancestors had done, — and rest,
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,
A statue in this temple of oblivion!

Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing tow'rds the day.
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labors closed:
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd
To adamant, by their petrific touch;
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

Atom by atom thus the burden grew,
Even like an infant in the womb, till Time
Deliver'd ocean of that monstrous birth,
— A coral island, stretching east and west,
In GOD's own language to its parent saying,
"Thus far, nor further, shalt thou go; and here
Shall thy proud waves be stay'd:" — A point at first

It peer'd above those waves; a point so small,
I just perceived it, fix'd where all was floating;
And when a bubble cross'd it, the blue film
Expanded like a sky above the speck;
That speck became a hand-breadth; day and night
It spread, accumulated, and, ere long
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea;
Bare at low water, and as still as death,
But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface,
'T was like a resurrection of the dead:
From graves innumerable, punctures fine
In the close coral, capillary swarms
Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,
Cover'd the bald-pate reef; then all was life,
And indefatigable industry;
The artisans were twisting to and fro,
In idle-seeming convolutions; yet
They never vanish'd with the ebbing surge,
Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer
On layer, was added to the growing mass.
Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring-flood's height,
And mock'd the billows when they leapt upon it,
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.
Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,
Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.
Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,
Form'd harbors, safe at once and perilous, —
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.
A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,

Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man?
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres;
Ideal images in sculptured forms,
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;
Pride, gratitude, affection turn'd to marble,
In honor of the living or the dead;
What are they? — fine-wrought miniatures of art,
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime!
— Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth:
— Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy: —
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity, — though, where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath; —
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,
Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off,
And from a monarch changed into a brute; —

Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,
Left by one tide, and cancell'd by the next: —
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,
Where cities have been crumbled into sand.
Scatter'd by winds beyond the Libyan desert,
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,
Where Memphis flourish'd, and the Pharaohs reign'd; —
Egypt's grey piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;
— Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms.

Thus far, with undiverted thought, and eye
Intensely fix'd on ocean's concave mirror,
I watch'd the process to its finishing stroke:
Then starting suddenly, as from a trance,
Once more to look upon the blessed sun,
And breathe the gladdening influence of the wind,
Darkness fell on me; giddily my brain
Whirl'd like a torch of fire that seems a circle,
And soon to me the universe was nothing.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO THIRD.

Nine times the age of man that coral reef
Had bleach'd beneath the torrid noon, and borne
The thunder of a thousand hurricanes,
Raised by the jealous ocean, to repel
That strange encroachment on his old domain.
His rage was impotent; his wrath fulfill'd
The counsels of eternal Providence,
And 'stablish'd what he strove to overturn:
For every tempest threw fresh wrecks upon it;
Sand from the shoals, exuviæ from the deep,
Fragments of shells, dead sloughs, sea-monsters' bones,
Whales stranded in the shallows, hideous weeds
Hurl'd out of darkness by the uprooting surges;
These, with unutterable relics more,
Heap'd the rough surface, till the various mass,
By Nature's chemistry combined and purged,
Had buried the bare rock in crumbling mould,
Not unproductive, but from time to time
Impregnated with seeds of plants, and rife
With embryo animals, or torpid forms
Of reptiles, shrouded in the clefts of trees,
From distant lands, with branches, foliage, fruit,
Pluck'd up and wafted hither by the flood.
Death's spoils, and life's hid treasures, thus enrich'd

And colonized the soil; no particle
Of meanest substance but in course was turn'd
To solid use or noble ornament.
All seasons were propitious; every wind,
From the hot Siroc to the wet Monsoon,
Temper'd the crude materials; while heaven's dew
Fell on the sterile wilderness as sweetly
As though it were a garden of the LORD;
Nor fell in vain; each drop had its commission,
And did its duty, known to Him who sent it.

Such time had past, such changes had transfigured
The aspect of that solitary isle,
When I again in spirit, as before,
Assumed mute watch above it. Slender blades
Of grass were shooting through the dark brown earth,
Like rays of light, transparent in the sun,
Or after showers with liquid gems illumined;
Fountains through filtering sluices sallied forth,
And led fertility where'er they turn'd;
Green herbage graced their banks, resplendent flowers
Unlock'd their treasures, and let flow their fragrance.
Then insect legions, prank'd with gaudiest hues,
Pearl, gold, and purple, swarm'd into existence;
Minute and marvellous creations these!
Infinite multitudes on every leaf,
In every drop, by me discern'd at pleasure,
Were yet too fine for unenlighten'd eye,
— Like stars, whose beams have never reach'd ou world,

Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses: —
Some barely visible, some proudly shone,
Like living jewels; some grotesque, uncouth,
And hideous, — giants of a race of pigmies;
These burrow'd in the ground, and fed on garbage,
Those lived deliciously on honey-dews,
And dwelt in palaces of blossom'd bells;
Millions on millions, wing'd, and plumed in front,
And arm'd with stings for vengeance or assault,
Fill'd the dim atmosphere with hum and hurry;
Children of light, and air, and fire they seem'd,
Their lives all ecstasy and quick cross motion.
Thus throve this embryo universe, where all
That was to be was unbegun, or now
Beginning; every day, hour, instant brought
Its novelty, though how or whence I knew not;
Less than omniscience could not comprehend
The causes of effects that seem'd spontaneous,
And sprang in infinite succession, link'd
With kindred issues infinite as they,
For which almighty skill had laid the train
Even in the elements of chaos, — whence
The unravelling clew not for a moment lost
Hold of the silent hand that drew it out.
Thus He who makes and peoples worlds still works
In secrecy, behind a veil of light;
Yet through that hiding of his power, such glimpses
Of glory break as strike presumption blind,

But humble and exalt the humbled soul,
Whose faith the things invisible discerns,
And GOD informing, guiding, ruling all: —
He speaks, 't is done; commands, and it stands fast.
He calls an island from the deep, — it comes;
Ordains it culture, — soil and seed are there;
Appoints inhabitants, — from climes unknown,
By undiscoverable paths, they flock
Thither; — like passage-birds to us in spring;
They were not yesterday, — and, lo! to-day
They are, — but what keen eye beheld them coming?

Here was the infancy of life, the age
Of gold in that green isle, itself new-born,
And all upon it in the prime of being,
Love, hope, and promise; 't was in miniature
A world unsoil'd by sin; a Paradise
Where Death had not yet enter'd; Bliss had newly
Alighted, and shut close his rainbow wings,
To rest at ease, nor dread intruding ill.
Plants of superior growth now sprang apace,
With moonlike blossoms crown'd, or starry glories;
Light flexile shrubs among the greenwood play'd
Fantastic freaks, — they crept, they climb'd, they budded,
And hung their flowers and berries in the sun;
As the breeze taught, they danced, they sung, they twined
Their sprays in bowers, or spread the ground with network.

Through the slow lapse of undivided time,
Silently rising from their buried germs,
Trees lifted to the skies their stately heads,
Tufted with verdure, like depending plumage,
O'er stems unknotted, waving to the wind:
Of these in graceful form, and simple beauty,
The fruitful cocoa and the fragrant palm
Excell'd the wilding daughters of the wood,
That stretch'd unwieldy their enormous arms,
Clad with luxuriant foliage, from the trunk,
Like the old eagle, feather'd to the heel;
While every fibre, from the lowest root
To the last leaf upon the topmost twig,
Was held by common sympathy, diffusing
Through all the complex frame unconscious life.
Such was the locust with his hydra boughs,
A hundred heads on one stupendous trunk;
And such the mangrove, which, at full-moon flood,
Appear'd itself a wood upon the waters,
But when the tide left bare its upright roots,
A wood on piles suspended in the air;
Such too the Indian fig, that built itself
Into a sylvan temple arch'd aloof
With airy aisles and living colonnades,
Where nations might have worshipp'd GOD in peace.
From year to year their fruits ungather'd fell;
Not lost, but quickening where they lay, they struck
Root downward, and brake forth on every hand,
Till the strong saplings, rank and file, stood up,

A mighty army, which o'erran the isle,
And changed the wilderness into a forest.

All this appear'd accomplish'd in the space
Between the morning and the evening star:
So, in his third day's work, JEHOVAH spake,
And Earth, an infant, naked as she came
Out of the womb of chaos, straight put on
Her beautiful attire, and deck'd her robe
Of verdure with ten thousand glorious flowers,
Exhaling incense; crown'd her mountain-heads
With cedars, train'd her vines around their girdles,
And pour'd spontaneous harvests at their feet.

Nor were those woods without inhabitants
Besides the ephemera of earth and air;
— Where glid the sunbeams through the latticed boughs,
And fell like dew-drops on the spangled ground,
To light the diamond-beetle on his way;
— Where cheerful openings let the sky look down
Into the very heart of solitude,
On little garden-plots of social flowers,
That crowded from the shades to peep at daylight;
— Or where impermeable foliage made
Midnight at noon, and chill, damp horror reign'd
O'er dead, fall'n leaves and slimy funguses;
— Reptiles were quicken'd into various birth.
Loathsome, unsightly, swoln to obscene bulk,
Lurk'd the dark toad beneath the infected turf;

The slow-worm crawl'd, the light chameleon climb'd,
And changed his color as his place he changed;
The nimble lizard ran from bough to bough,
Glancing through light, in shadow disappearing;
The scorpion, many-eyed, with sting of fire,
Bred there, — the legion-fiend of creeping things;
Terribly beautiful, the serpent lay,
Wreath'd like a coronet of gold and jewels,
Fit for a tyrant's brow; anon he flew
Straight as an arrow shot from his own rings,
And struck his victim, shrieking ere it went
Down his strain'd throat, that open sepulchre.

Amphibious monsters haunted the lagoon;
The hippopotamus, amidst the flood,
Flexile and active as the smallest swimmer;
But on the bank, ill-balanced and infirm,
He grazed the herbage, with huge head declined,
Or lean'd to rest against some ancient tree.
The crocodile, the dragon of the waters,
In iron panoply, fell as the plague,
And merciless as famine, cranch'd his prey,
While from his jaws, with dreadful fangs all serried,
The life-blood dyed the waves with deadly streams.
The seal and the sea-lion, from the gulf,
Came forth, and couching with their little ones,
Slept on the shelving rocks that girt the shore,
Securing prompt retreat from sudden danger:
The pregnant turtle, stealing out at eve,
With anxious eye, and trembling heart, explored

The loneliest coves, and in the loose warm sand
Deposited her eggs, which the sun hatch'd:
Hence the young brood, that never knew a parent,
Unburrow'd and by instinct sought the sea;
Nature herself, with her own gentle hand,
Dropping them one by one into the flood,
And laughing to behold their antic joy,
When launch'd in their maternal element.

The vision of that brooding world went on;
Millions of beings yet more admirable
Than all that went before them now appear'd;
Flocking from every point of heaven, and filling
Eye, ear, and mind with objects, sounds, emotions
Akin to livelier sympathy and love
Than reptiles, fishes, insects, could inspire.
— Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage, delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burden, close as fishes' scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;
With wings that might have had a soul within them,
They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment;
— Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and colors,
Here flew and perch'd, there swam and dived at pleasure;
Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,

Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.
Some sought their food among the finny shoals,
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;
These in recesses of steep crags constructed
Their eyries inaccessible, and train'd
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers:
Others, more gorgeously apparell'd, dwelt
Among the woods, on Nature's dainties feeding,
Herbs, seeds, and roots; or, ever on the wing,
Pursuing insects through the boundless air:
In hollow trees or thickets these conceal'd
Their exquisitely woven nests; where lay
Their callow offspring, quiet as the down
On their own breasts, till from her search the dam
With laden bill return'd, and shared the meal
Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape;
Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,
She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.
Of these, a few, with melody untaught,
Turn'd all the air to music within hearing,
Themselves unseen; while bolder quiristers
On loftiest branches strain'd their clarion-pipes,
And made the forest echo to their screams
Discordant, — yet there was no discord there,
But temper'd harmony; all tones combining,
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,
To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus?
Not I; — sometimes entranced, I seem'd to float

Upon a buoyant sea of sounds: again
With curious ear I tried to disentangle
The maze of voices, and with eye as nice
To single out each minstrel, and pursue
His little song through all its labyrinth,
Till my soul enter'd into him, and felt
Every vibration of his thrilling throat,
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions.
Often, as one among the multitude,
I sang from very fulness of delight;
Now like a winged fisher of the sea,
Now a recluse among the woods, — enjoying
The bliss of all at once, or each in turn.

In storm and calm, through every change of season,
Long flourish'd thus that era of our isle;
It could not last for ever: mark the end.

A cloud arose amid the tranquil heaven,
Like a man's hand, but held a hurricane
Within its grasp. Compressed into a point,
The tempest struggled to break loose. No breath
Was stirring, yet the billows rolled aloof,
And the air moaned portentously; ere long
The sky was hidden, darkness to be felt
Confounded all things; land and water vanished,
And there was silence through the universe;
Silence, that made my soul as desolate
As the blind solitude around. Methought
That I had passed the bitterness of death

Without the agony, — had, unaware,
Enter'd the unseen world, and in the gap
Between the life that is and that to come,
Awaited judgment. Fear and trembling seized
All that was mortal or immortal in me:
A moment, and the gates of Paradise
Might open to receive, or Hell be moved
To meet me. Strength and spirit fail'd;
Eternity inclosed me, and I knew not,
Knew not, even then, my destiny. To doubt
Was to despair; — I doubted and despair'd.
Then horrible delirium whirl'd me down
To ocean's nethermost recess; the waves
Disparting freely, let me fall, and fall,
Lower and lower, passive as a stone,
Yet rack'd with miserable pangs, that gave
The sense of vain but violent resistance:
And still the depths grew deeper; still the ground
Receded from my feet as I approach'd it.
O how I long'd to light on rocks, that sunk
Like quicksands ere I touch'd them; or to hide
In caverns ever open to ingulf me,
But, like the horizon's limit, never nearer!

Meanwhile the irrepressible tornado,
Burst, and involved the elements in chaos;
Wind, rain and lightning, in one vast explosion,
Rush'd from the firmament upon the deep.
Heaven's adamantine arch seem'd rent asunder,
And following in a cataract of ruins

My swift descent through bottomless abysses,
Where ocean's bed had been absorb'd in nothing.
I know no further. When again I saw
The sun, the sea, the island, all was calm,
And all was desolation: not a tree,
Of thousands flourishing erewhile so fair,
But now was split, uprooted, snapt in twain,
Or hurl'd with all its honors to the dust.
Heaps upon heaps, the forest giants lay,
Even like the slain in battle, fall'n to rise
No more, till heaven, and earth, and sea, with all
Therein, shall perish, as to me they seem'd
To perish in that ruthless hurricane.

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO FOURTH.

NATURE and Time were twins. Companions still,
Their unretarded, unreturning flight
They hold together. Time, with one sole aim,
Looks ever onward, like the moon through space
With beaming forehead, dark and bald behind,
Nor ever lost a moment in his course.
Nature looks all around her, like the sun,
And keeps her works, like his dependent worlds,
In constant motion. She hath never miss'd
One step in her victorious march of change,
For chance she knows not; He who made her, gave
His daughter power o'er all except Himself,
— Power in whate'er she does to do *his* will,
Behold the true, the royal law of Nature! —
Hence failures, hinderances, and devastations
Are turn'd to trophies of exhaustless skill,
That out of ruin brings forth strength and beauty,
Yea, life and immortality from death.

I gazed in consternation on the wreck
Of that fair island, strown with prostrate trees,
The soil plough'd up with horrid inundations,
The surface black with sea-weed, not a glimpse
Of verdure peeping; stems, boughs, foliage lay
Rent, broken, clotted, perishing in slime.

"How are the mighty fallen!" I exclaim'd;
"Surely the feller hath come up among ye,
And with a stroke invisible hewn down
The growth of centuries in one dark hour!
Is this the end of all perfection? This
The abortive issue of a new creation,
Erewhile so fruitful in abounding joys,
And hopes fulfilling more than all they promised?
Ages to come can but repair this ravage;
The past is lost forever. Reckless Time
Stays not; astonied Nature stands aghast,
And wrings her hands in silent agony,
Amidst the annihilation of her works."

Thus raved I; but I wrong'd thee, glorious Nature!
With whom adversity is but transition.
Thou never didst despair, wert never foil'd,
Nor weary with exhaustion, since the day,
When, at the word, "Let there be light," light sprang,
And show'd thee rising from primeval darkness,
That fell back like a veil from thy young form,
And Chaos fled before the apparition.

While yet mine eye was mourning o'er the scene,
Nature and time were working miracles:
The isle was renovated; grass and flowers
Crept quietly around the fallen trees;
A deeper soil embedded them, and o'er
The common sepulchre of all their race
Threw a rich covering of embroider'd turf,
Lovely to look on as the tranquil main,

When, in his noonward track, the unclouded sun
Tints the green waves with every hue of heaven,
More exquisitely brilliant and aërial
Than morn or evening's gaudier pageantry.
Amidst that burial of the mighty dead,
There was a resurrection from the dust
Of lowly plants, impatient for the light,
Long interrupted by o'ershadowing woods,
While in the womb of earth their embryos tarried,
Unfructifying, yet imperishable.
Huge remnants of the forest stood apart,
Like Tadmor's pillars in the wilderness,
Startling the traveller 'midst his thoughts of home;
— Bare trunks of broken trees, that gave their heads
To the wind's axe, but would not yield their roots
To the uptearing violence of the floods.
From these a slender race of scions sprang,
Which with their filial arms embraced and shelter'd
The monumental relics of their sires;
But, limited in number, scatter'd wide,
And slow of growth, they overran no more
The Sun's dominions in that open isle.

Meanwhile the sea-fowl, that survived the storm,
Whose rage had fleck'd the waves with shatter'd plumes
And weltering carcasses, the prey of sharks,
Came from their fastnesses among the rocks,
And multiplied like clouds when rains are brooding,
Or flowers, when clear warm sunshine follows rain.
The inland birds had perish'd, nor again,

By airy voyages from shores unknown,
Was silence broken on the unwooded plains:
Another race of wing'd inhabitants
Ere long possess'd and peopled all the soil.

The sun had sunk where sky and ocean meet,
And each might seem the other; sky below,
With richest garniture of clouds inlaid;
Ocean above with isles and continents,
Illumined from a source no longer seen:
Far in the east, through heaven's intenser blue,
Two brilliant sparks like sudden stars, appear'd.
Not stars, indeed, but birds of mighty wing,
Retorted neck, and javelin-pointed bill,
That made the air sigh as they cut it through.
They gain'd upon the eye, and as they came,
Enlarged, grew brighter, and display'd their forms,
Amidst the golden evening; pearly white,
But ruby-tinctured. On the loftiest cliff
They settled, hovering ere they touch'd the ground,
And uttering, in a language of their own,
Yet such as every ear might understand,
And every bosom answer, notes of joy,
And gratulation for that resting-place.
Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapt
Their van-broad pinions, streak'd their ruffled plumes,
And ever and anon broke off to gaze,
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,
On that strange land their destined home and country.
Night round them threw her brown transparent gloom,
Through which their lonely images yet shone,

Like things unearthly, while they bow'd their heads
On their full bosoms, and reposed till morn.
I knew the Pelicans, and cried — "All hail!
Ye future dwellers in the wilderness!"

At early dawn I mark'd them in the sky,
Catching the morning colors on their plumes;
Not in voluptuous pastime revelling there,
Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven
Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise,
Whence issued forth the Angel of the sun,
And gladden'd Nature with returning day:
— Eager for food, their searching eyes they fix'd
On ocean's unroll'd volume, from an height,
That brought immensity within their scope;
Yet with such power of vision look'd they down,
As though they watch'd the shell-fish slowly gliding
O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral.
On indefatigable wing upheld,
Breath, pulse, existence, seem'd suspended in them;
They were as pictures painted on the sky;
Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot,
Like meteors changed from stars to gleams of lightning,
And struck upon the deep; where, in wild play,
Their quarry flounder'd, unsuspecting harm,
With terrible voracity, they plunged
Their heads among the affrighted shoals, and beat
A tempest on the surges with their wings,
Till flashing clouds of foam and spray conceal'd them.
Nimbly they seized and secreted their prey,
Alive and wriggling in the elastic net,

Which Nature hung beneath their grasping beaks;
Till, swoln with captures, the unwieldly burden
Clogg'd their slow flight, as heavily to land
These mighty hunters of the deep return'd.
There on the cragged cliffs they perch'd at ease,
Gorging their hapless victims one by one;
Then full and weary, side by side, they slept,
Till evening roused them to the chase again.

Harsh seems the ordinance, that life by life
Should be sustain'd, and yet when all must die,
And be like water spilt upon the ground,
Which none can gather up, — the speediest fate,
Though violent and terrible, is best.
O with what horrors would creation groan, —
What agonies would ever be before us,
Famine and pestilence, disease, despair,
Anguish and pain in every hideous shape,
Had all to wait the slow decay of Nature!
Life were a martyrdom of sympathy,
Death, lingering, raging, writhing, shrieking torture;
The grave would be abolish'd; this gay world
A valley of dry bones, a Golgotha,
In which the living stumbled o'er the dead,
Till they could fall no more, and blind perdition
Swept frail mortality away for ever.
'T was wisdom, mercy, goodness, that ordain'd
Life in such infinite profusion, — Death
So sure, so prompt, so multiform to those
That never sinn'd, that know not guilt, that fear
No wrath to come, and have no heaven to lose.

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,
And soon surrounded them with blithe companions.
The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.
There, in sweet thraldom, yet unweening why,
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,
Long ere she found the curious secret out,
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,
Tamed by thé kindly process, she became
That gentlest of all living things — a mother;
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,
Fiercest when stirr'd by anger to defend them.
Her mate himself the softening power confess'd,
Forgot his sloth, restrain'd his appetite,
And ranged the sky and fish'd the stream for her;
Or, when o'erwearied nature forced her off
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,
While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his heart,
The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;
Yea, half unwillingly his post resign'd,
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat
With pecking bill, and cry of fond distress,
Answer'd by him with murmurs of delight,
Whose gutturals harsh, to her were love's own music.
Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,

White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,
— Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days,
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,
When the warm tumults of affection sunk
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,
— Dreams more delicious than reality.
— He sentinel beside her stood, and watch'd,
With jealous eye, the raven in the clouds,
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.
Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh;
The snap of his tremendous bill was like
Death's scythe, down-cutting every thing it struck.
The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peep'd
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,
But paid the instant forfeit of his life;
Nor could the serpent's subtilty elude
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

Erelong the thriving brood outgrew their cradle,
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools;
No sooner denizens of earth than made
Free both of air and water; day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements

Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them;
The Sire and Dam in swanlike beauty steering,
Their Cygnets following through the foamy wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they broke:
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,
With feet, wings, breast, half-swimming and half-flying.
But when their pens grew strong to fight the storm,
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,
The Parents put them to severer proof:
On beetling rocks the little ones were marshall'd;
There, by endearments, stripes, example urged
To try the void convexity of heaven
And plough the ocean's horizontal field.
Timorous at first, they flutter'd round the verge,
Balanced and furl'd their hesitating wings,
Then put them forth again with steadier aim;
Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,
They yielded all their burden to the breeze,
And sail'd and soar'd where'er their guardians led;
Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,
They search'd the deep in quest of nobler game

Than yet their inexperience had encounter'd;
With these they battled in that element,
Where wings or fins were equally at home,
Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,
They dragg'd their spoils to land, and gorged at leisure

Thus perfected in all the arts of life,
That simple Pelicans require, — save one,
Which mother-bird did never teach her daughter,
— The inimitable art to build a nest;
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving
That mystery which novice never fail'd
To learn infallibly when taught by him:
— Hence that small masterpiece of Nature's art,
Still unimpair'd, still unimproved, remains
The same in site, material, shape, and texture.
While every kind a different structure frames,
All build alike of each peculiar kind:
The nightingale, that dwelt in Adam's bower,
And pour'd her stream of music through his dreams;
The soaring lark, that led the eye of Eve
Into the clouds, her thoughts into the heaven
Of heavens, where lark nor eye can penetrate;
The dove, that perch'd upon the Tree of Life,
And made her bed among its thickest leaves;
All the wing'd habitants of Paradise,
Whose songs once mingled with the songs of Angels,
Wove their first nests as curiously and well
As the wood-minstrels in our evil day,
After the labors of six thousand years,

In which their ancestors have fail'd to add,
To alter or diminish, any thing
In that, of which Love only knows the secret,
And teaches every mother for herself,
Without the power to impart it to her offspring:
— Thus perfected in all the arts of life,
That simple Pelicans require, save this,
Those Parents drove their young away; the young
Gaily forsook their parents. Soon enthrall'd
With love-alliances among themselves,
They built their nests, as happy instinct wrought
Within their bosoms, wakening powers unknown,
Till sweet necessity was laid upon them;
They bred, and rear'd their little families,
As they were train'd and disciplined before.

Thus wings were multiplied from year to year,
And ere the patriarch-twain, in good old age,
Resign'd their breath beside that ancient nest,
In which themselves had nursed a hundred broods,
The isle was peopled with their progeny.

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO FIFTH.

Meanwhile, not idle, though unwatch'd by me,
The coral architects in silence rear'd
Tower after tower beneath the dark abyss.
Pyramidal in form the fabrics rose,
From ample basements narrowing to the height,
Until they pierced the surface of the flood,
And dimpling eddies sparkled round their peaks.
Then (if great things with small may be compared)
They spread like water-lilies, whose broad leaves
Make green and sunny islets on the pool,
For golden flies, on summer-days, to haunt,
Safe from the lightning-seizure of the trout;
Or yield their laps to catch the minnow springing
Clear from the stream to 'scape the ruffian pike,
That prowls in disappointed rage beneath,
And wonders where the little wretch found refuge.

One headland topt the waves, another follow'd;
A third, a tenth, a twentieth soon appear'd,
Till the long barren gulf in travail lay
With many an infant struggling into birth.
Larger they grew and lovelier, when they breathed
The vital air, and felt the genial sun;
As though a living spirit dwelt in each,
Which, like the inmate of a flexile shell,

Moulded the shapeless slough with its own motion,
And painted it with colors of the morn.
Amidst that group of younger sisters, stood
The Isle of Pelicans, as stands the moon
At midnight, queen among the minor stars,
Differing in splendor, magnitude, and distance.
So look'd that archipelago; small isles,
By interwinding channels link'd yet sunder'd;
All flourishing in peaceful fellowship,
Like forest oaks that love society:
— Of various growth and progress; here, a rock
On which a single palm-tree waved its banner;
There, sterile tracts unmoulder'd into soil;
Yonder, dark woods whose foliage swept the water,
Without a speck of turf, or line of shore,
As though their roots were anchor'd in the ocean.
But most were gardens redolent with flowers,
And orchards bending with Hesperian fruit,
That realized the dreams of olden time.

Throughout this commonwealth of sea-sprung lands,
Life kindled in ten thousand happy forms,
Earth, air, and ocean were all full of life.
Still highest in the rank of being, soar'd
The fowls amphibious, and the inland tribes
Of dainty plumage or melodious song.
In gaudy robes of many color'd patches,
The parrots swung like blossoms on the trees,
While their harsh voices undeceived the ear.

More delicately pencill'd, finer drawn
In shape and lineament; too exquisite
For gross delights; the Birds of Paradise
Floated aloof, as though they lived on air,
And were the orient progeny of heaven,
Or spirits made perfect veil'd in shining raiment.
From flower to flower, where wild bees flew and sung,
As countless, small, and musical as they,
Showers of bright humming-birds came down, and plied
The same ambrosial task, with slender bill
Extracting honey, hidden in those bells,
Whose richest blooms grew pale beneath the blaze
Of twinkling winglets hovering o'er their petals,
Brilliant as raindrops, when the western sun
Sees his own miniature of beams in each.

High on the cliffs, down on the shelly reef,
Or gliding like a silver-shaded cloud
Through the blue heaven, the mighty albatross
Inhaled the breezes, sought his humble food,
Or, where his kindred like a flock reposed,
Without a shepherd, on the grassy downs,
Smooth'd his white fleece, and slumber'd in their midst.

Wading through marshes, where the rank sea-weed
With spongy moss and flaccid lichens strove,
Flamingos, in their crimson tunics, stalk'd
On stately legs, with far-exploring eye;

Or fed and slept, in regimental lines,
Watch'd by their sentinels, whose clarion-screams
All in an instant woke the startled troop,
That mounted like a glorious exhalation,
And vanish'd through the welkin far away,
Nor paused till, on some lonely coast alighting,
Again their gorgeous cohort took the field.

The fierce sea-eagle, humble in attire,
In port terrific, from his lonely eyrie
(Itself a burden for the tallest tree)
Look'd down o'er land and sea as his dominions:
Now, from long chase, descending with his prey,
Young seal or dolphin, in his deadly clutch,
He fed his eaglets in the noonday sun:
Nor less at midnight ranged the deep for game;
At length entrapp'd with his own talons, struck
Too deep to be withdrawn, where a strong shark,
Roused by the anguish, with impetuous plunge,
Dragg'd his assailant down into the abyss,
Struggling in vain for liberty and life;
His young ones heard their parent's dying shrieks,
And watch'd in vain for his returning wing.

Here ran the stormy petrels on the waves,
As though they were the shadows of themselves
Reflected from a loftier flight through space.
The stern and gloomy raven haunted here,
A hermit of the atmosphere, on land
Among vociferating crowds a stranger,

Whose hoarse, low, ominous croak disclaim'd communion
With those, upon the offal of whose meals
He gorged alone, or tore their own rank corses:
The heavy penguin, neither fish nor fowl,
With scaly feathers and with finny wings,
Plump'd stone-like from the rock into the gulf,
Rebounding upward swift as from a sling.
Through yielding water as through limpid air,
The cormorant, Death's living arrow, flew,
Nor ever miss'd a stroke, or dealt a second,
So true the infallible destroyer's aim.

Millions of creatures such as these, and kinds
Unnamed by man, possess'd those busy isles;
Each in its brief existence, to itself,
The first, last being in the universe,
With whom the whole began, endured, and ended:
Blest ignorance of bliss, not made for them!
Happy exemption from the fear of death,
And that which makes the pangs of death immortal,
The undying worm, the fire unquenchable,
— Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty man!
The eyes of all look'd up to Him, whose hand
Had made them, and supplied their daily need;
Although they knew Him not, they look'd to Him;
And He, whose mercy is o'er all his works,
Forgot not one of his large family,
But cared for each as for an only child.

They plough'd not, sow'd not, gather'd not in barns,
Thought not of yesterday, nor knew to-morrow;
Yet harvests inexhaustible they reap'd
In the prolific furrows of the main;
Or from its sunless caverns brought to light
Treasures for which contending kings might war, —
Gems, for which queens would yield their hands to slaves, —
By them despised as valueless and nought;
From the rough shell they pick'd the luscious food,
And left a prince's ransom in the pearl.

Nature's prime favorites were the Pelicans;
High-fed, long-lived, and sociable and free,
They ranged in wedded pairs, or martial bands,
For play or slaughter. Oft have I beheld
A little army take the wat'ry field,
With outstretch'd pinions form a spacious ring,
Then pressing to the centre, through the waves,
Enclose thick shoals within their narrowing toils,
Till multitudes entangled fell a prey:
Or, when the flying-fish in sudden clouds,
Burst from the sea, and flutter'd through the air,
These giant fowlers snapt them like mosquitos
By swallows hunted through the summer sky.

I turn'd again to look upon that isle,
Whence from one pair those colonies had issued
That through these Cyclades at freedom roved,

Fish'd every stream, and fed on every shore;
When, lo! a spectacle of strange extremes
Awaken'd sweet and melancholy thoughts:
All that is helpless, beautiful, endearing
In infancy, in prime of youth, in love;
All that is mournful in decay, old age,
And dissolution; all that awes the eye,
And chills the bosom, in the sad remains
Of poor mortality, which last awhile,
To show that life hath been, but is no longer;
— All these in blended images appear'd,
Exulting, brooding, perishing before me.

It was a land of births. — Unnumber'd nests,
Of reeds and rushes, studded all the ground,
A few were desolate and fallen to ruin;
Many were building from those waste materials;
On some the dams were sitting, till the stroke
Of their quick bills should break the prison-shells,
And let the little captives forth to light,
With their first breath demanding food and shelter;
In others I beheld the brood new fledged,
Struggling to clamber out, take wing and fly
Up to the heavens, or fathom the abyss.
Meanwhile the parent from the sea supplied
A daily feast, and from the pure lagoon
Brought living water in her sack, to cool
The impatient fever of their clamorous throats.
No need had she, as hieroglyphics feign
(A mystic lesson of maternal love),

To pierce her breast, and with the vital stream,
Warm from its fountain, slake their thirst in blood,
— The blood which nourish'd them ere they were hatch'd,
While the crude egg within herself was forming.
It was a land of death. — Between those nests,
The quiet earth was feather'd with the spoils
Of aged Pelicans, that hither came
To die in peace, where they had spent in love
The sweetest periods of their long existence.
Where they were wont to build, and breed their young,
There they lay down to rise no more for ever,
And close their eyes upon the dearest sight
On which their living eyes had loved to dwell,
— The nest where every joy to them was centred.
There rife corruption tainted them so lightly,
The moisture seem'd to vanish from their relics,
As dew from gossamer, that leaves the net-work
Spread on the ground, and glistening in the sun;
Thus when a breeze the ruffled plumage stirr'd,
That lay like drifted snow upon the soil,
Their slender skeletons were seen beneath,
So delicately framed, and half transparent,
That I have marvell'd how a bird so noble,
When in his full magnificent attire,
With pinions wider than the king of vultures',
And down elastic, thicker than the swan's,
Should leave so small a cage of ribs to mark
Where vigorous life had dwelt a hundred years.

Such was that scene; the dying and the dead,
Next neighbors to the living and the unborn.
O how much happiness was here enjoy'd!
How little misery had been suffer'd here!
Those humble Pelicans had each fulfill'd
The utmost purpose of its span of being,
And done its duty in its narrow circle,
As surely as the sun, in his career,
Accomplishes the glorious end of his.

END OF CANTO V.

CANTO SIXTH.

"And thus," methought, "ten thousand suns may lead
The stars to glory in their annual courses;
Moons without number may thus wax and wane,
And winds alternate blow in cross-monsoons,
While here — through self-beginning rounds, self-ending,
Then self-renew'd, without advance or failure, —
Existence fluctuates only like the tide,
Whose everlasting changes bring no change,
But billow follows billow to the shore,
Recoils, and billow out of billow swells;
An endless whirl of ebbing, flowing foam,
Where every bubble is like every other,
And Ocean's face immutable as Heaven's.
Here is no progress to sublimer life;
Nature stands still, — stands at the very point,
Whence from a vantage-ground her bolder steps
Might rise resplendent on the scale of being;
Rank over rank, awakening with her tread,
Inquisitive, intelligent; aspiring,
Each above other, all above themselves,
Till every generation should transcend
The former, as the former all the past.

"Such, such alone were meet inhabitants
For these fair isles, so wonderfully form'd
Amidst the solitude of sea and sky,
On which my wandering spirit first was cast,
And still beyond whose girdle, eye nor wing
Can carry me to undiscover'd climes,
Where many a nobler race may dwell; whose waifs
And exiles, toss'd by tempests on the flood,
Hither might drift upon their native trees;
Or, like their own free birds, on fearless pinions,
Make voyages amidst the pathless heaven,
And, lighting, colonize these fertile tracts,
Recover'd from the barrenness of ocean,
Whose wealth might well repay the brave adventure.
— Hath Nature spent her strength? Why stopp'd
she here?
Why stopp'd not lower, if to rise no higher?
Can she not summon from more ancient regions,
Beyond the rising or the setting sun,
Creatures, as far above the mightiest here
As yonder eagle, flaming at high noon,
Outsoars the bat that flutters through the twilight?
Or as the tender Pelican excels
The anomalous abortion of the rock,
In which plant, fossil, animal unite?

"But changes here may happen — changes must!
What hinders that new shores should yet ascend
Out of the bosom of the deep, and spread
Till all converge, from one circumference,
Into a solid breadth of table-land,

Bound by the horizon, canopied with heaven,
And ocean in his own abyss absorb'd?"

While these imaginations cross'd the mind,
My thoughts fulfill'd themselves before mine eyes;
The islands moved like circles upon water,
Expanding till they touch'd each other, closed
The interjacent straits, and thus became
A spacious continent which fill'd the sea.
That change was total, like a birth, a death;
— Birth, that from native darkness brings to light
The young inhabitant of this gay world;
Death, that from seen to unseen things removes,
And swallows time up in eternity.
That which had been, for ever ceased to be,
And that which follow'd was a new creation
Wrought from the disappearance of the old.
So fled that pageant universe away,
With all its isles and waters. So I found
Myself translated to that other world,
By sleight of fancy, like the unconscious act
Of waking from a pleasant dream, with sweet
Relapse into a more transporting vision.

The nursery of brooding Pelicans,
The dormitory of their dead, had vanish'd,
And all the minor spots of rock and verdure,
The abodes of happy millions, were no more;
But in their place a shadowy landscape lay,
On whose extremest western verge, a gleam
Of living silver, to the downward sun

Intensely glittering, mark'd the boundary line,
Which ocean, held by chains invisible,
Fretted and foam'd in vain to overleap.
Woods, mountains, valleys, rivers, glens, and plains
Diversified the scene : — that scene was wild,
Magnificent, deform'd, or beautiful,
As framed expressly for all kinds of life,
With all life's labors, sufferings, and enjoyments,
Untouch'd as yet by any meaner hand
Than His who made it, and pronounced it good.
And good it was ; — free as light, air, fire, water,
To every thing that breathed upon its surface,
From the small worm that crept abroad at midnight
To sip cool dews, and feed on sleeping flowers,
Then slunk into its hole, the little vampire!
Through every species which I yet had seen,
To animals, of tribes and forms unknown
In the lost islands ; — beasts that ranged the forests,
Grazed in the valleys, bounded o'er the hills,
Reposed in rich savannas, from grey rocks [sures ;
Pick'd the thin herbage sprouting through their fis-
Or in waste howling deserts found oases,
And fountains pouring sweeter streams than nectar,
And more melodious than the nightingale,
— So to the faint and perishing they seem'd.

I gazed on ruminating herds of kine,
And sheep for ever wandering ; goats that swung
Like spiders on the crags, so slight their hold ;
Deer, playful as their fawns, in peace, but fell,
As battling bulls, in wars of jealousy :

Through flowery champaigns roam'd the fleet gazelles,
Of many a color, size, and shape, — all graceful;
In every look, step, attitude prepared,
Even at the shadow of a cloud, to vanish,
And leave a solitude where thousands stood,
With heads declined, and nibbling eagerly
As locusts when they light on some new soil,
And move no more till they have shorn it bare.
On these, with famine unappeasable,
Lithe, muscular, huge-boned, and limb'd for leaping,
The brindled tyrants of brute nature prey'd:
The weak and timid bow'd before the strong,
The many by the few were hourly slaughter'd,
Where power was right, and violence was law.

Here couch'd the panting tiger, on the watch;
Impatient but unmoved, his fire-ball eyes
Made horrid twilight in the sunless jungle,
Till on the heedless buffalo he sprang,
Dragg'd the low-bellowing monster to his lair,
Crash'd through the ribs at once into its heart,
Quaff'd the hot blood, and gorged the quivering flesh,
Till drunk he lay, as powerless as the carcass.

There, to the solitary lion's roar
So many echoes answer'd, that there seem'd,
Ten in the field for one; — where'er they turn'd,
The flying animals, from cave to cave,
Heard his voice issuing; and recoil'd aghast,

Only to meet it nearer than before,
Or, ere they saw his shadow or his face,
Fall dead beneath his thunder-striking paw.

Calm amidst scenes of havoc, in his own
Huge strength impregnable, the elephant
Offended none, but led his quiet life
Among his old contemporary trees,
Till Nature laid him gently down to rest
Beneath the palm, which he was wont to make
His prop in slumber; there his relics lay
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.
Bees in the ample hollow of his skull
Piled their wax-citadels, and stored their honey;
Thence sallied forth to forage through the fields,
And swarm'd in emigrating legions thence:
There, little burrowing animals threw up
Hillocks beneath the overarching ribs;
While birds, within the spinal labyrinth,
Contrived their nests: — so wandering Arabs pitch
Their tents amidst Palmyra's palaces;
So Greek and Roman peasants build their huts
Beneath the shadow of the Parthenon
Or on the ruins of the Capitol.

But unintelligent creation soon
Fail'd to delight; the novelty departed,
And all look'd desolate; my eye grew weary
Of seeing that which it might see for ever
Without a new idea or emotion;

The mind within me panted after mind,
The spirit sigh'd to meet a kindred spirit,
And in my human heart there was a void,
Which nothing but humanity could fill.
At length, as though a prison-door were open'd,
Chains had fall'n off, and by an angel-guide
Conducted, I escaped that desert-bourne;
And instantaneously I travell'd on,
Yet knew not how, for wings nor feet I plied,
But with a motion, like the lapse of thought,
O'er many a vale and mountain I was carried,
Till in the east, above the ocean's brim,
I saw the morning sun, and stay'd my course,
Where vestiges of rude but social life
Arrested and detain'd attention long.

Amidst the crowd of grovelling animals,
A being more majestic stood before me;
I met an eye that look'd into my soul,
And seem'd to penetrate mine inmost thoughts.
Instinctively I turn'd away to hide them,
For shame and quick compunction came upon me,
As though detected on forbidden ground,
Gazing on things unlawful: but my heart
Relented quickly, and my bosom throbb'd
With such unutterable tenderness,
That every sympathy of human nature
Was by the beating of a pulse enkindled,
And flash'd at once throughout the mind's recesses,
As in a darken'd chamber, objects start
All round the walls, the moment light breaks in.

The sudden tumult of surprise awoke
My spirit from that trance of vague abstraction,
Wherein I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd;
I sole spectator of the wondrous changes,
Spell-bound as in a dream, and acquiescing
In all that happen'd, though perplex'd with strange
Conceit of something wanting through the whole.
That spell was broken, like the vanish'd film
From eyes born blind, miraculously open'd; —
'T was gone, and I became myself again,
Restored to memory of all I knew
From books or schools, the world or sage experience;
With all that folly or misfortune taught me, —
Each hath her lessons, — wise are they that learn.
Still the mysterious revery went on,
And I was still sole witness of its issues,
But with clear mind and disenchanted sight,
Beholding, judging, comprehending all;
Not passive and bewilder'd as before.

What was the being which I then beheld?
— Man going forth amidst inferior creatures:
Not as he rose in Eden out of dust,
Fresh from the moulding hand of Deity;
Immortal breath upon his lips; the light
Of uncreated glory in his soul;
Lord of the nether universe, and heir
Of all above him, — all above the sky,

The sapphire pavement of his future palace:
Not so; — but rather like that morning-star,
Which from the highest empyrean fell
Into the bottomless abyss of darkness;
There flaming only with malignant beams
Among the constellations of his peers,
The third part of heaven's host, with him cast down
To irretrievable perdition, — thence,
Amidst the smoke of unillumined fires,
Issuing like horrid sparks to blast creation:
— Thus, though in dim eclipse, before me stood,
As from a world invisible call'd up,
Man, in the image of his Maker form'd,
Man, to the image of his tempter fall'n;
Yet still as far above infernal fiends,
As once a little lower than the angels.
I knew him, own'd him, loved him, and exclaim'd,
"Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Brother!
Hail in the depth of thy humiliation;
For dear thou art, amidst unconscious ruin, —
Dear to the kindliest feelings of my soul,
As though one womb had borne us, and one mother
At her sweet breasts had nourish'd us as twins."

I saw him sunk in loathsome degradation,
A naked, fierce, ungovernable savage,
Companion to the brutes, himself more brutal;
Superior only in the craft that made
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
Whose guile unparadised the world, and brought
A curse upon the earth which God had blessed.

That curse was here, without the mitigation
Of healthful toil, that half redeems the ground
Whence man was taken, whither he returns,
And which repays him bread for patient labor,
— Labor, the symbol of his punishment,
— Labor, the secret of his happiness.
The curse was here; for thorns and briars o'erran
The tangled labyrinths, yet briars bare roses,
And thorns threw out their annual snow of blossoms:
The curse was here; and yet the soil untill'd
Pour'd forth spontaneous and abundant harvests.
Pulse and small berries, maize in strong luxuriance,
And slender rice that grew by many waters;
The forests cast their fruits, in husk or rind,
Yielding sweet kernels or delicious pulp,
Smooth oil, cool milk, and unfermented wine,
In rich and exquisite variety.
On these the indolent inhabitants
Fed without care or forethought, like the swine
That grubb'd the turf, and taught them where to look
For dainty earth-nuts and nutritious roots;
Or the small monkeys, capering on the boughs,
And rioting on nectar and ambrosia,
The produce of that Paradise run wild:—
No, — these were merry, if they were not wise;
While man's untutor'd hordes were sour and sullen,
Like those abhorr'd baboons, whose gluttonous taste
They follow'd safely in their choice of food;
And whose brute semblance of humanity
Made them more hideous than their prototypes,
That bore the genuine image and inscription,

Defaced indeed, but yet indelible.
— From ravening beasts, and fowls that fish'd the ocean,
Men learn'd to prey on meaner animals,
But found a secret out which birds or beasts,
Most cruel, cunning, treacherous, never knew,
— The luxury of devouring one another.

Such were my kindred in their lost estate,
From whose abominations while I turn'd,
As from a pestilence, I mourn'd and wept
With bitter lamentation o'er their ruin;
Sunk as they were in ignorance of all
That raises man above his origin,
And elevates to heaven the spirit within him,
To which the Almighty's breath gave understanding.

Large was their stature, and their frames athletic;
Their skins were dark, their locks like eagles' feathers;
Their features terrible; — when roused to wrath,
All evil passions lighten'd through their eyes,
Convulsed their bosoms like possessing fiends,
And loosed what sets on fire the course of nature,
— The tongue of malice, set on fire of hell,
Which then, in cataracts of horrid sounds,
Raged through their gnashing teeth and foaming lips,
Making the ear to tingle, and the soul
Sicken, with spasms of strange revolting horror,
As if the blood changed color in the veins,
While hot and cold it ran about the heart,
And red to pale upon the cheek it show'd.

Their visages at rest were winter-clouds,
Fix'd gloom, whence sun nor shower could be foretold.
But, in high revelry, when full of prey,
Cannibal prey, tremendous was their laughter;
Their joy, the shock of earthquakes overturning
Mountains, and swamping rivers in their course;
Or subterranean elements embroil'd, —
Wind, fire, and water, till the cleft volcano
Gives to their devastating fury vent:
That joy was lurking hatred in disguise,
And not less fatal in its last excess.
They danced, — like whirlwinds in the Libyan waste,
When the dead sand starts up in living pillars,
That mingle, part, and cross, then burst in ruin
On man and beast; — they danced to shouts and screams,
Drums, gongs, and horns, their deafening din inflicting
On nerves and ears enraptured with such clangor;
Till mirth grew madness, and the feast a fray,
That left the field strown with unnatural carnage,
To furnish out a more unnatural feast,
And lay the train to inflame a bloodier fray.

They dwelt in dens and caverns of the earth,
Won by the valiant from their brute possessors,
And held in hourly peril of reprisals
From the ferocious brigands of the woods:
The lioness, benighted with her whelps,
There seeking shelter from the drenching storm,

Met with unseen resistance on the threshold,
And perish'd ere she knew by what she fell;
Or, finding all within asleep, surprised
The inmates in their dreams, from which no more
Her deadly vengeance suffer'd them to wake.
— On open plains they framed low, narrow huts
Of boughs, the wreck of windfalls or of Time,
Wattled with canes, and thatch'd with reeds and leaves;
There from afflictive noon sought twilight shadow,
Or slumber'd in the smoke of greenwood fires,
To drive away the pestilent mosquitos.
— Some built unwieldy nests among the trees,
In which to doze by night, or watch by day
The joyful moment, from that ambuscade
To slay the passing antelope, or wound
The jackal chasing it, with sudden arrows
From bows that task'd a giant's strength to bend.
In flight or combat, on the champaign field,
They ran atilt with flinty-headed spears;
Or launch'd the lighter javelin through the air,
Follow'd its motion with a basilisk's eye,
And shriek'd with gladness when a life was spill'd:
They sent the pebble hissing from the sling,
Hot as the curse from lips that would strike dead,
If words were stones; here stones, as swift as words
Can reach the ear, the unwary victim smote.
In closer conflict, breast to breast, when one
Or both must perish on the spot, they fought
With clubs of iron-wood and ponderous force,
Wielded with terrible dexterity,

And falling down like thunderbolts, which nought
But counter-thunderbolts could meet or parry.
Rude-fashion'd weapons! yet the lion's jaws,
The tiger's grasp, the eagle's beak and talons,
The serpent's fangs, were not more formidable,
More sure to hit, or, hitting, sure to kill.

They knew not shame nor honor, yet knew pride;
— The pride of strength, skill, speed, and subtilty;
The pride of tyranny and violence,
Not o'er the mighty only, whom their arm
Had crush'd in battle or had basely slain
By treacherous ambush, or more treacherous smiles,
Embracing while they stabb'd the heart that met
Their specious seeming with unguarded breast:
— The reckless savages display'd their pride
By vile oppression in its vilest forms, —
Oppression of the weak and innocent;
Infancy, womanhood, old age, disease,
The lame, the halt, the blind, were wrong'd, neglected,
Exposed to perish by wild beasts in woods,
Cast to the crocodiles in rivers; murder'd,
Even by their dearest kindred, in cold blood,
To rid themselves of Nature's gracious burdens,
In mercy laid on man to teach *him* mercy.

But their prime glory was insane debauch,
To inflict and bear excruciating tortures;
The unshrinking victim, while the flesh was rent
From his live limbs, and eaten in his presence,
Still in his death-pangs taunted his tormentors

With tales of cruelty more diabolic,
Wreak'd by himself upon the friends of those
Who now their impotence of vengeance wasted
On him, and drop by drop his life extorted
With thorns and briars of the wilderness,
Or the slow violence of untouching fire.

Vanity too, pride's manikin, here play'd
Satanic tricks to ape her master-fiend.
The leopard's beauteous spoils, the lion's mane,
Engirt the loins, and waved upon the shoulders
Of those whose wiles or arms had won such trophies:
Rude-punctured figures of all loathsome things,
Toads, scorpions, asps, snakes' eyes and double tongue
In flagrant colors on their tattooed limbs,
Gave proof of intellect, not dead but sleeping,
And in its trance enacting strange vagaries.
Bracelets of human teeth, fangs of wild beasts,
The jaws of sharks, and beaks of ravenous birds,
Glitter'd and tinkled round their arms and ankles;
While skulls of slaughter'd enemies, in chains
Of natural elf-locks, dangled from the necks
Of those, whose own bare skulls and cannibal teeth
Ere long must deck more puissant fiends than they.

On ocean, too, they exercised dominion; —
Of hollow trees composing slight canoes,
They paddled o'er the reefs, cut through the breakers,
And rode the untamed billows far from shore;
Amphibious from their infancy, and fearing
Nought in the deepest waters save the shark;

Even him, well arm'd, they gloried to encounter,
And when he turn'd to ope those gates of death,
That led into the Hades of his gorge,
Smote with such stern decision to his vitals,
And vanish'd through the blood-beclouded waves,
That, blind and desperate in his agony,
Headlong he plunged, and perish'd in the abyss.

Woman was here the powerless slave of man;
Thus fallen Adam tramples fallen Eve,
Through all the generations of his sons,
In whose barbarian veins the old serpent's venom
Turns pure affection into hideous lust,
And wrests the might of his superior arm
(Given to defend and bless his meek companion)
Into the very yoke and scourge of bondage;
Till limbs, by beauty moulded, eyes of gladness
And the full bosom of confiding truth,
Made to delight and comfort him in toil,
And change Care's den into a halcyon's nest,
— Are broke with drudgery, quench'd with stagnant tears,
Or wrung with lonely unimparted woe.
Man is beside himself, not less than fall'n
Below his dignity, who owns not woman
As nearer to his heart than when she grew
A rib within him, — as his heart's own heart.

He slew the game with his unerring arrow,
But left it in the bush for her to drag
Home, with her feeble hands, already burden'd

With a young infant clinging to her shoulders.
Here she fell down in travail by the way,
Her piteous groans unheard, or heard unanswer'd;
There, with her convoy, she — mother, and child,
And slaughter'd deer — became some wild beast's prey;
Though spoils so rich not one could long enjoy, —
Soon the woods echoed with the huge uproar
Of savage throats contending for the bodies,
Till not a bone was left for further quarrel.
— He chose the spot; she piled the wood, she wove
The supple withes, and bound the thatch that form'd
The ground-built cabin or the tree-swung nest.
— He brain'd the drowsy panther in his den,
At noon o'ercome by heat, and with closed lids
Fearing assaults from none but vexing flies,
Which, with his ring-streak'd tail he switch'd away:
The citadel thus storm'd, the monster slain,
By the dread prowess of his daring arm,
She roll'd the stones, and planted the stockade,
To fortify the garrison for him,
Who scornfully look'd on, at ease reclined,
Or only rose to beat her to the task.

Yet, midst the gall and wormwood of her lot,
She tasted joys which none but woman knows,
— The hopes, fears, feelings, raptures of a mother,
Well-nigh compensating for his unkindness,
Whom yet with all her fervent soul she loved.
Dearer to her than all the universe,
The looks, the cries, the embraces of her babes;

In each of whom she lived a separate life,
And felt the fountain, whence their veins were fill'd,
Flow in perpetual union with the streams,
That swell'd their pulses, and throbb'd back through
hers.
Oh! 'twas benign relief when my vex'd eye
Could turn from man, the sordid, selfish savage,
And gaze on woman in her self-denial,
To him and to their offspring all alive,
Dead only to herself, — save when she won
His unexpected smile; then, then she look'd
A thousand times more beautiful, to meet
A glance of aught like tenderness from him;
And sent the sunshine of her happy heart
So warm into the charnel-house of his,
That Nature's genuine sympathies awoke,
And he almost forgot himself in her.
O man! lost man! amidst the desolation
Of goodness in thy soul, there yet remains
One spark of Deity, — that spark is love.

END OF CANTO VI.

CANTO SEVENTH.

Ages again, with silent revolution,
Brought morn and even, noon and night, with all
The old vicissitudes of Nature's aspect:
Rains in their season fertilized the ground,
Winds sow'd the seeds of every kind of plant
On its peculiar soil; while suns matured
What winds had sown, and rains in season water'd,
Providing nourishment for all that lived:
Man's generations came and went like these,
— The grass and flowers that wither where they spring;
The brutes that perish wholly where they fall.

Thus while I mused on these in long succession,
And all remain'd as all had been before,
I cried, as I was wont, though none did listen,
— 'T is sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer;
For he is twice himself who can converse
With his own thoughts, as with a living throng
Of fellow-travellers in solitude;
And mine too long had been my sole companions:
— "What is this mystery of human life?
In rude or civilized society,
Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages;

With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!

"Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,— on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
— The Child;— we know no more of happy childhood,
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses!

— The Boy, the Girl; — when all was joy, hope,
promise;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass?
— The Youth, the Maiden; — living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring:
— The Woman; — in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders:
— The Man: — as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
— Then the grey Elder: — leaning on his staff,
And bow'd beneath a weight of years that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with such subtilty benumbs the frame,)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office:
— Man giveth up the ghost, — and where is He?"

That startling question broke my lucubration;
I saw those changes realized before me;
Saw them recurring in perpetual line,

The line unbroken, while the thread ran on,
Failing at this extreme, at that renew'd,
— Like buds, leaves, blossoms, fruits on herbs and trees;
Like mites, flies, reptiles; birds, and beasts, and fishes,
Of every length of period here, — all mortal,
And all resolved into those elements
Whence they had emanated, whence they drew
Their sustenance, and which their wrecks recruited
To generate and foster other forms
As like themselves as were the lights of heaven,
For ever moving in serene succession,
— Not like those lights unquenchable by time,
But ever changing, like the clouds that come,
Who can tell whence? and go, who can tell whither?
Thus the swift series of man's race elapsed,
As for no higher destiny created
Than aught beneath them, — from the elephant
Down to the worm, thence to the zoophyte,
That link which binds Prometheus to his rock,
The living fibre to insensate matter. [living!
They were not, then they were; the unborn, the
They were, then were not; they had lived and died:
No trace, no record of their date remaining,
Save in the memory of kindred beings,
Themselves as surely hastening to oblivion;
Till, where the soil had been renew'd by relics,
And earth, air, water were one sepulchre,
Earth, air, and water might be search'd in vain,

Atom by atom scrutinized with eyes
Of microscopic power, that could discern
The population of a dew-drop, yet
No particle betray the buried secret
Of what they had been, or of what they were:
Life thus was swallow'd by mortality,
Mortality thus swallow'd up of life,
And man remain'd the world's unmoved possessor,
Though every moment men appear'd and vanish'd.

Oh! 't was heart-sickness to behold them thus
Perishing without knowledge; — perishing,
As though they were but things of dust and ashes.
They lived unconscious of their noblest powers,
As were the rocks and mountains which they trod
Of gold and jewels hidden in their bowels;
They lived unconscious of what lived within them,
The deathless spirit, as were the stars that shone
Above their heads, of their own emanations.
And did it live within them? did there dwell
Fire brought from heaven in forms of miry clay?
Untemper'd as the slime of Babel's builders,
And left unfinish'd like their monstrous work?
To me, alas! they seem'd but living bodies,
With still-born souls which never could be quicken'd,
Till death brought immortality to light,
And from the darkness of their earthly prison
Placed them at once before the bar of God;
Then first to learn, at their eternal peril,
The fact of his existence and their own.
Imagination durst not follow them,

Nor stand one moment at that dread tribunal.
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"
I trembled while I spake. I could not bear
The doubt, fear, horror, that o'erhung the fate
Of millions, millions, millions, — living, dying,
Without a hope to hang a hope upon,
That of the whole it might not be affirm'd,
— "'T were better that they never had been born."
I turn'd away, and look'd for consolation,
Where Nature else had shrunk with loathing back,
Or imprecated curses, in her wrath,
Even on the fallen creatures of my race,
O'er whose mysterious doom my heart was breaking.

I saw an idiot with long haggard visage,
And eye of vacancy, trolling his tongue
From cheek to cheek; then muttering syllables,
Which all the learn'd on earth could not interpret;
Yet were they sounds of gladness, tones of pleasure,
Ineffablé tranquillity expressing,
Or pure and buoyant animal delight:
For bright the sun shone round him; cool the breeze
Play'd in the floating shadow of the palm,
Where he lay rolling in voluptuous sloth:
And he had fed deliciously on fruit,
That fell into his lap, and virgin honey,
That melted from the hollow of the rock,
Whither the hum and stir of bees had drawn him.
He knew no bliss beside, save sleep when weary,
Or reveries like this, when broad awake.
Glimpses of thought seem'd flashing through his brain,

Like wildfires flitting o'er the rank morass,
Snares to the night-bewilder'd traveller!
Gently he raised his head, and peep'd around,
As if he hoped to see some pleasant object,
— The wingless squirrel jet from tree to tree,
— The monkey pilfering a parrot's nest,
But, ere he bore the precious spoil away,
Surprised behind by beaks, and wings, and claws,
That made him scamper gibbering away;
The sly opossum dangle by her tail,
To snap the silly birds that perch'd too near;
Or in the thicket, with her young at play,
Start when the rustling grass announced a snake,
And secrete them within her second womb,
Then stand alert to give the intruder battle,
Who rear'd his crest, and hiss'd, and glid away:
— These with the transport of a child he view'd,
Then laugh'd aloud, and crack'd his fingers, smote
His palms, and clasp'd his knees, convulsed with glee;
A sad, sad spectacle of merriment!
Yet he was happy; happy in this life;
And could I doubt, that death to him would bring
Intelligence, which he had ne'er abused,
A soul, which he had never lost by sin?

I saw a woman, panting from her throes,
Stretch'd in a lonely cabin on the ground,
Pale with the anguish of her bitter hour,
Whose sorrow she forgat not in the joy,
Which mothers feel when a man-child is born;
Hers was an infant of her own scorn'd sex:

It lay upon her breast ; — she laid it there,
By the same instinct, which taught it to find
The milky fountain, fill'd to meet its wants
Even at the gate of life, — to drink and live.
Awhile she lay all-passive to the touch
Of those small fingers, and the soft, soft lips
Soliciting the sweet nutrition thence,
While yearning sympathy crept round her heart :
She felt her spirit yielding to the charm,
That wakes the parent in the fellest bosom,
And binds her to her little one for ever,
If once completed ; — but she broke, she broke it,
For she was brooding o'er her sex's wrongs,
And seem'd to lie amidst a nest of scorpions,
That stung remorse to frenzy : — forth she sprang,
And with collected might a moment stood,
Mercy and misery struggling in her thoughts,
Yet both impelling her to one dire purpose.
There was a little grave already made,
But two spans long, in the turf-floor beside her,
By him who was the father of that child :
Thence he had sallied, when the work was done,
To hunt, to fish, or ramble on the hills,
Till all was peace again within that dwelling,
— His haunt, his den, his any thing but home !
Peace ? — no, till the new-comer were despatch'd
Whence it should ne'er return, to break the stupor
Of unawaken'd conscience in himself.

She pluck'd the baby from her flowing breast,
And o'er its mouth, yet moist with Nature's beverage,

Bound a thick lotus-leaf to still its cries;
Then laid it down in that untimely grave,
As tenderly as though 't were rock'd to sleep
With songs of love, and she afraid to wake it:
Soon as she felt it touch the ground, she started,
Hurried the damp earth over it; then fell
Flat on the heaving heap, and crush'd it down
With the whole burden of her grief; exclaiming,
"O that my mother had done so to me!"
Then in a swoon forgot, a little while,
Her child, her sex, her tyrant, and herself.

Amazement wither'd up all human feeling;
I wonder'd how I could look on so calmly,
As though I were but animated stone,
And not kneel down upon the spot, and pray
That earth might open to devour that mother,
Or heaven shoot lightning to avenge that daughter;
But horror soon gave way to hope and pity,
— Hope for the dead, and pity for the living.
Thenceforth when I beheld troops of wild children
Frolicking round the tents of wickedness,
Though my heart danced within me to the music
Of their loud voices and unruly mirth,
The blithe exuberance of beginning life!
I could not weep when they went out like sparks,
That glitter, creep, and dwindle out, on tinder.
Happy, thrice happy were they thus to die,
Rather than grow into such men and women,
— Such fiends incarnate as that felon-sire,
Who dug its grave before his child was born;

Such miserable wretches as that mother,
Whose tender mercies were so deadly cruel!

I saw their infant's spirit rise to heaven,
Caught from its birth up to the throne of God;
There, thousands and ten thousands, I beheld,
Of innocents like this, that died untimely,
By violence of their unnatural kin,
Or by the mercy of that gracious Power,
Who gave them being, taking what He gave
Ere they could sin or suffer like their parents.
I saw them in white raiment, crown'd with flowers,
On the fair banks of that resplendent river,
Whose streams make glad the city of our God;
— Water of life, as clear as crystal, welling
Forth from the throne itself, and visiting
Fields of a Paradise that ne'er was lost;
Where yet the tree of life immortal grows,
And bears its monthly fruits, twelve kinds of fruit,
Each in its season, food of saints and angels;
Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.
Beneath the shadow of its blessed boughs,
I mark'd those rescued infants, in their schools,
By spirits of just men made perfect, taught
The glorious lessons of almighty love,
Which brought them thither by the readiest path
From the world's wilderness of dire temptations,
Securing thus their everlasting weal.

Yea, in the rapture of that hour, though songs
Of cherubim to golden lyres and trumpets,

And the redeem'd upon the sea of glass,
With voices like the sound of many waters,
Came on mine ear, whose secret cells were open'd
To entertain celestial harmonies,
— The small, sweet accents of those little children,
Pouring out all the gladness of their souls
In love, joy, gratitude, and praise to Him,
— Him, who had loved and wash'd them in his blood;
These were to me the most transporting strains
Amidst the hallelujahs of all heaven. —
Though lost awhile in that amazing chorus
Around the throne, — at happy intervals,
The shrill hosannas of the infant-choir,
Singing in that eternal temple, brought
Tears to mine eye, which seraphs had been glad
To weep, could they have felt the sympathy
That melted all my soul, when I beheld
How condescending Deity thus deign'd,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings here,
To perfect his high praise: — the harp of heaven
Had lack'd its least but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it,
And sing, from feelings all their own, what men
Nor angels can conceive of creatures, born
Under the curse, yet from the curse redeem'd,
And placed at once beyond the power to fall,
— Safety which men nor angels ever knew,
Till ranks of these and all of those had fallen.

END OF CANTO VII.

CANTO EIGHTH.

'T was but the vision of an eye-glance; gone
Ere thought could fix upon it, — gone like lightning
At midnight, when the expansive flash reveals
Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees, in one
Glorious horizon, suddenly lit up, —
Rocks, rivers, forests, — quench'd as suddenly:
A glimpse that fill'd the mind with images,
Which years cannot obliterate; but stamp'd
With instantaneous everlasting force
On memory's more than adamantine tablet; —
A glimpse of that which eye hath never seen,
Ear heard, nor heart of man conceived. — It pass'd,
But what it show'd can never pass. — It pass'd,
And left me wandering through that land of exile,
Cut off from intercourse with happier lands;
Abandon'd, as it seem'd, by its Creator;
Unvisited by Him, who came from heaven
To seek and save the lost of every clime;
And where God, looking down in wrath, had said,
"My spirit shall no longer strive with man:"
— So ignorance or unbelief might deem.

Was it thus outlaw'd? No; God left himself
Not without witness of his presence there;
He gave them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons,

Filling unthankful hearts with food and gladness.
He gave them kind affections which they strangled,
Turning his grace into lasciviousness.
He gave them powers of intellect, to scale
Heaven's height; to name and number all the stars;
To penetrate earth's depths for hidden riches,
Or clothe its surface with fertility;
Amidst the haunts of dragons, dens of satyrs,
To call up hamlets, villages, and towns,
The abode of peace and industry; to build
Cities and palaces amid waste places;
To sound the ocean, combat with the winds,
Travel the waves, and compass every shore,
On voyages of commerce or adventure;
To shine in civil and refining arts,
With tranquil science elevate the soul;
To explore the universe of mind; to trace
The Nile of thinking to its secret source,
And thence pursue its infinite meanders,
Not lost amidst the labyrinths of Time,
But o'er the cataract of death down rolling,
To flow for ever, and for ever, and for ever,
Where time nor space can limit its expansion.

He gave the ideal, too, of truth and beauty; —
To look on Nature with a poet's eye,
And live, amidst the daylight of this world,
In regions of enchantment; — with the force
Of song, as with a spirit, to possess
The souls of those that hearken, till they feel
But what the minstrel feels, and do but that,

Which his strange inspiration makes them do;
Thus with his breath to kindle war, and bring
The array of battle to electric issue;
Or, while opposing legions, front to front,
Wait the dread signal for the work of havoc,
Step in between, and with the healing voice
Of harmony and concord win them so,
That hurling down their weapons of destruction
They rush into each other's arms, with shouts
And tears of transport; till inveterate foes
Are friends and brethren, feasting on the field,
Where vultures else had feasted, and gorged wolves
Howl'd in convulsive slumber o'er their corses.

Such powers to these were given, but given in vain;
They knew them not, or, as they learn'd to know,
Perverted them to more pernicious evil,
Than ignorance had skill to perpetrate.
Yet the great Father gave a richer portion
To these, the most impoverish'd of his children;
He sent the light that lighteth every man,
That comes into the world, — the light of truth:
But Satan turn'd that light to darkness; turn'd
God's truth into a lie, and they believed
His lie, who led them captive at his will,
Usurp'd the throne of Deity on earth,
And claim'd allegiance, in all hideous forms,
— The abominable emblems of himself,
The legion-fiend, who takes whatever shape
Man's crazed imagination can devise

To body forth his notion of a God,
And prove how low immortal minds can fall,
When from the living God they fall, to serve
Dumb idols. Thus they worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Which hands unapt for sculpture executed,
In their egregious folly, like themselves,
Though not more like, even in barbarian eyes,
Than antic clouds resemble animals.
To these they offer'd flowers and fruits; to those,
Reptiles; to others, birds, and beasts, and fishes;
To some they sacrificed their enemies,
To more their children, and themselves to all.

So had the god of this apostate world
Blinded their eyes. But the true God had placed
Yet further witness of his grace among them,
When all remembrance of himself was lost:
— Knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong;
But knowledge was confounded, till they call'd
Good evil, evil good; refused the right,
And chose and loved the wrong for its own sake.
One witness more, his own ambassador
On earth, the Almighty left to be their prophet,
Whom Satan could not utterly beguile,
Nor always hold with his ten thousand fetters,
Lock'd in the dungeon of the obdurate breast,
And trampled down by all its atheist inmates;
— Conscience, tremendous conscience, in his fits
Of inspiration, — whencesoe'er it came,
Rose like a ghost, inflicting fear of death,

On those who fear'd not death in fiercest battle,
And mock'd him in their martyrdoms of torments:
That secret, swift, and silent messenger
Broke on them in their lonely hours, — in sleep,
In sickness; haunting them with dire suspicions
Of something in themselves that would not die,
Of an existence elsewhere, and hereafter,
Of which tradition was not wholly silent,
Yet spake not out; its dreary oracles
Confounded superstition to conceive,
And baffled scepticism to reject:
— What fear of death is like the fear beyond it?

But pangs like these were lucid intervals
In the delirium of the life they led,
And all unwelcome as returning reason,
Which through the chaos of a maniac's brain
Shoots gleams of light more terrible than darkness.
These sad misgivings of the smitten heart,
Wounded unseen by conscience from its ambush;
These voices from eternity, that spake
To an eternity of soul within, —
Were quickly lull'd by riotous enjoyment,
Or lost in hurricanes of headlong passion.
They knew no higher, sought no happier state;
Had no fine instinct of superior joys
Than those of sense; no taste for sense refined
Above the gross necessities of nature,
Or outraged Nature's most unnatural cravings.
Why should they toil to make the earth bring forth,
When without toil she gave them all they wanted?

The bread-fruit ripen'd, while they lay beneath
Its shadow in luxurious indolence;
The cocoa fill'd its nuts with milk and kernels,
While they were sauntering on the shores and mountains;
And while they slumber'd from their heavy meals,
In dead forgetfulness of life itself,
The fish were spawning in unsounded depths,
The birds were breeding in adjacent trees,
The game was fattening in delicious pastures,
Unplanted roots were thriving under ground,
To spread the tables of their future banquets!

Thus what the sires had been, the sons became,
And generations rose, continued, went,
Without memorial, — like the Pelicans
On that lone island, where they built their nests,
Nourish'd their young, and then lay down to die:
Hence through a thousand and a thousand years,
Man's history, in that region of oblivion,
Might be recorded in a page as small
As the brief legend of those Pelicans,
With one appalling, one sublime distinction,
(Sublime with horror, with despair appalling,)
— That Pelicans were not transgressors; — Man,
Apostate from the womb, by blood a traitor.
Thus, while he rose by dignity of birth,
He sunk in guilt and infamy below
Creatures, whose being was but lent, not given,
And, when the debt was due, reclaim'd for ever.
O enviable lot of innocence!

Their bliss and woe were only of this world:
What'er their lives had been, though born to suffer
Not less than to enjoy, their end was peace.
Man was immortal, yet he lived and died
As though there were no life, nor death, but this:
Alas! what life or death may be hereafter,
He only knows who hath ordain'd them both;
And they shall know who prove their truth for ever.

The thought was agony beyond endurance;
"O thou, my brother Man!" again I cried,
"Would God, that I might live, might die for thee!
O could I take a form to meet thine eyes,
Invent a voice with words to reach thine ears;
Or if my spirit might converse with thine,
And pour my thoughts, fears, feelings, through thy breast,
Unknown to thee whence came the strange intrusion!
How would my soul rejoice, rejoice with trembling,
To tell thee who thou art, and bring thee home,
— Poor prodigal, here watching swine, and fain
To glut thy hunger with the husks they feed on, —
Home to our Father's house, our Father's heart!
Both, both are open to receive thee, — come;
O come! — He hears not, heeds not, — O my brother!
That I might prophesy to thee, — to all
The millions of dry bones that fill this valley
Of darkness and despair! — Alas! alas!
Can these bones live? Lord God, Thou knowest. — Come

From the four winds of heaven, almighty breath,
Blow on these slain, and they shall live."

I spake,
And turning from the mournful contemplation,
To seek refreshment for my weary spirit,
Amidst that peopled continent, the abode
Of misery which reach'd beyond this world,
I lighted on a solitary glen
(A peaceful refuge in a land of discord)
Crown'd with steep rocks, whose hoary summits shone
Amid the blue unclouded element,
O'er the green woods, that, stretching down the hills,
Border'd the narrow champaign glade between,
Through which a clear and pebbly rill meander'd.
The song-birds caroll'd in the leafy shades,
Those of resplendent plumage flaunted round;
High o'er the cliffs the sea-fowl soar'd or perch'd;
The Pelican and Albatross were seen
In groups reposing on the northern ridge:
There was entire serenity above,
Beauty, tranquillity, delight below,
And every motion, sound, and sight were pleasing.
Rhinoceros nor wild bull pastured here;
Lion nor tiger here shed innocent blood;
The antelopes were grazing void of fear,
Their young in antic gambols ramping by;
While goats, from precipice to precipice
Clamber'd, or hung, or vaulted through the air,

As if a thought convey'd them to and fro.
Harmony reign'd, as once ere man's creation,
When brutes were yet earth's sole inhabitants.
There were no human tracks nor dwellings there,
For 't was a sanctuary from hurtful creatures,
And in the precincts of that happy dell
The absence of my species was a mercy:
Thence the declining sun withdrew his beams,
But left it lighted by a hundred peaks,
Glittering and golden, round the span of sky,
That seem'd the sapphire roof of one great temple,
Whose floor was emerald, and whose walls the hills;
Where those that worshipp'd God might worship Him
In spirit and in truth, without distraction.

Man's absence pleased me; yet on man alone,
Man fallen, helpless, miserable man,
My thoughts, prayers, wishes, tears, and sorrows turn'd,
Howe'er I strove to drive away remembrance:
Then I refrain'd no longer, but brake out,
—"Lord God, why hast Thou made all men in vain?"

END OF CANTO VIII.

CANTO NINTH.

The countenance of one advanced in years,
The shape of one created to command,
The step of one accustom'd to be seen,
And follow'd with the reverence of all eyes,
Yet conscious here of utter solitude,
Came on me like an apparition, — whence
I knew not, — halfway down the vale already
Had he proceeded ere I caught his eye,
And in that mirror of intelligence,
By the sure divination of mine art,
Read the mute history of his former life,
And all the untold secrets of his bosom.

He was a chieftain of renown; from youth
To green old age, the glory of his tribe,
The terror of their enemies; in war
An Alexander, and in peace an Alfred,
From morn till night he wont to yield the spear
With indefatigable arm, or watch
From eve till dawn in ambush for his quarry,
Human or brute; not less in chase than fight,
For strength, skill, prowess, enterprise unrivall'd.
Fearless he grappled with the fell hyæna,
And held him strangling in the grasp of fate;
He seized the she-bear's whelps, and when the dam

With miserable cries and insane rage
Pursued to rescue them, would turn and strike
One blow, but one, to break her heart for ever:
From sling and bow, he sent upon death-errands
The stone or arrow through the trackless air,
To overtake the fleetest foot, or lay
The loftiest pinion fluttering in the dust.
On the rough waves he eagerly embark'd,
Assail'd the stranded whale among the breakers,
Dart after dart with such sure aim implanting
In the huge carcass of the helpless victim,
That soon in blood and foam the monster breathed
His last, and lay a hulk upon the reef;
Thence floated by the rising tide, and tow'd
By a whole navy of canoes ashore.

But 't was the hero's mind that made him great;
His eye, his lip, his hand, were clothed with thunder:
Thrones, crowns, and sceptres give not more ascendence,
Back'd with arm'd legions, fortified with towers,
Than this imperial savage, all alone,
From Nature's pure beneficence derived.
Yet, when the hey-day of hot youth was over,
His soul grew gentle as the halcyon breeze,
Sent from the evening-sea to bless the shore,
After the fervors of a tropic noon;
Nor less benign his influence than fresh showers
Upon the fainting wilderness, where bands
Of pilgrims, bound for Mecca, with their camels,
Lie down to die together in despair,

When the deceitful *mirage*, that appear'd
A pool of water trembling in the sun,
Hath vanish'd from the bloodshot eye of thirst.
Firm in defence as valiant in the battle,
Assailing none, but all assaults repelling
With such determined chastisement, that foes
No longer dared to forage on his borders,
War shrunk from his dominions; simple laws,
Yet wise and equitable, he ordain'd
To rule a willing and obedient people.
Blood ceased to flow in sacrifice; no more
The parents' hands were raised against their children,
Children no longer slew their aged parents;
Man prey'd not on his fellow man, within
The hallow'd circle of his patriarch-sway,
That seem'd amidst barbarian clans around
A garden in a waste of brier and hemlock.

Ere life's meridian, thus that chief had reach'd
The utmost pinnacle of savage grandeur,
And stood the envy of ignoble eyes,
The awe of humbler mortals, the example
Of youth's sublime ambition; but to him,
It was not given to rest at any height;
The thoughts that travel to eternity
Already had begun their pilgrimage,
Which time, nor change, nor life, nor death, could stop.
All that he saw, heard, felt, or could conceive,
Open'd new scenes of mental enterprise,
Imposed new tasks for arduous contemplation.
On the steep eminence which he had scaled,

To rise or fall were sole alternatives;
He might not stand, and he disdain'd to fall;
Innate magnificence of mind upheld,
And buoyancy of genius bore him on.
Heaven, earth, and ocean, were to him familiar
In all their motions, aspects, changes; each
To him paid tribute of the knowledge, hid
From uninquiring ignorance; to him
Their gradual secrets, though with slow reserve,
Yet sure accumulation, all reveal'd.

But whence they came, even more than what they were,
Awaken'd wonder, and defied conjecture;
Blank wonder could not satisfy his soul,
And resolute conjecture would not yield,
Though foil'd a thousand times, in speculation
On themes that open'd immortality.
The gods whom his deluded countrymen
Acknowledged, were no gods to him; he scorn'd
The impotence of skill that carved such figures,
And pitied the fatuity of those,
Who saw not in the abortions of their hands
The abortions of their minds. — 'T was the Creator
He sought through every volume open to him,
From the small leaf that holds an insect's web,
From which ere long a colony shall issue,
With wings and limbs as perfect as the eagle's,
To the stupendous ocean, that gives birth
And nourishment to everlasting millions
Of creatures, great and small, beyond the power

Of man to comprehend how they exist.
One thought amidst the multitude within him
Press'd with perpetual, with increasing weight,
And yet the elastic soul beneath its burden
Wax'd strong and stronger, was enlarged, exalted,
With the necessity of bearing up
Against annihilation; for that seem'd
The only refuge were this hope forgone:
It was as though he wrestled with an angel,
And would not let him go without a blessing,
If not extort the secret of his name:
This was that thought, that hope; — dumb idols,
And the vain homage of their worshippers,
Were proofs to him, not less than sun and stars,
That there were beings mightier far than man,
Or man had never dream'd of aught above him:
'T was clear to him as was his own existence,
In which he felt the fact personified,
That man himself was for this world too mighty,
Possessing powers which could not ripen here,
But ask'd infinity to bring them forth,
And find employ for their unbounded scope.

Tradition told him, that, in ancient time,
Sky, sun, and sea were all the universe;
The sun grew tired of gazing on the sea,
Day after day; then, with descending beams,
Day after day he pierced the dark abyss,
Till he had reach'd its diamantine floor;
Whence he drew up an island, as a tree
Grows in the desert from some random seed,

Dropt by a wild bird. Grain by grain it rose,
And touch'd at length the surface; there expanding
Beneath the fostering influence of his eye,
Prolific seasons, light, and showers, and dew,
Aided by earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanos
(All agents of the universal sun),
Conspired to form, advance, enrich, and break
The level reef, till hills and dales appear'd,
And the small isle became a continent,
Whose bounds his ancestors had never traced.
Thither in time, by means inscrutable,
Plants, animals, and man himself were brought;
And with the idolaters the gods they served.
These tales tradition told him; he believed,
Though all were fables, yet they shadow'd truth;
That truth with heart, soul, mind, and strength he sought.
O 't was a spectacle for angels, bound
On embassies of mercy to this earth,
To gaze on with compassion and delight,
— Yea, with desire that they might be his helpers, —
To see a dark endungeon'd spirit roused,
And struggling into glorious liberty,
Though Satan's legions watch'd at every portal,
And held him by ten thousand manacles!

Such was the being whom I here descried,
And fix'd my earnest expectation on him;
For now or never might my hope be proved,
How near, by searching, man might find out God.

Thus, while he walk'd along that peaceful valley,
Though rapt in meditation far above
The world which met his senses, but in vain
Would charm his spirit within its magic circle,
— Still with benign and meek simplicity
He hearken'd to the prattle of a babe,
Which he was leading by the hand; but scarce
Could he restrain its eagerness to break
Loose, and run wild with joy among the bushes.
It was his grandson, now the only stay
Of his bereaved affections; all his kin
Had fall'n before him, and his youngest daughter
Bequeath'd this infant with her dying lips:
"O take this child, my father! take this child,
And bring it up for me; so may it live
To be the latest blessing of thy life."
He took the child; he brought it up for her;
It was the latest blessing of his life;
And while his soul explored immensity,
In search of something undefinedly great,
This infant was the link which bound that soul
To this poor world, where he had not a wish
Or hope, beyond the moment, for himself.

The little one was dancing at his side,
And dragging him with petty violence
Hither and thither from the onward path,
To find a bird's nest or to hunt a fly:
His feign'd resistance and unfeign'd reluctance
But made the boy more resolute to rule
The grandsire with his fond caprice. The sage,

Though dallying with the minion's wayward will,
His own premeditated course pursued,
And while, in tones of sportive tenderness,
He answer'd all its questions, and ask'd others
As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
To wake and prove an infant's faculties;
As though its mind were some sweet instrument,
And he, with breath and touch, were finding out
What stops or keys would yield the richest music:
— All this was by-play to the scene within
The busy theatre of his own breast.
Keen and absorbing thoughts were working there,
And his heart travail'd with unutter'd pangs;
Sigh after sigh, escaping to his lips,
Was check'd, or turn'd into some lively word,
To hide the bitter conflict from his child.

At length they struck into the woods, and thence
Climb'd the grey rocks aloof. There from his crag,
At their abrupt approach, the startled eagle
Took wing above their heads; the boy alarm'd,
— Nor less delighted when no peril came, —
Follow'd its flight with eyes and hands upraised,
And bounding forward on the verdant slope,
Watch'd it diminish, till a gnat, that cross'd
His sight, eclipsed it: when he look'd again
'T was gone, and for an instant he felt sad,
Till some new object won his gay attention.
His grandsire stepp'd to take the eagle's stand,
And gaze at freedom on the boundless prospect,
But started back, and held his breath with awe,

So suddenly, so gloriously it broke
From heaven, earth, sea, and air, at once upon him.
The tranquil ocean roll'd beneath his feet;
The shores on each hand lessen'd from the view;
The landscape glow'd with tropical luxuriance;
The sky was fleck'd with gold and crimson clouds,
That seem'd to emanate from nothing there,
Born in the blue and infinite expanse,
Where just before the eye might seek in vain
An evening shadow as a daylight star.

There stood the patriarch amidst a scene
Of splendor and beatitude; himself
A diadem of glory o'er the whole,
For none but he could comprehend the beauty,
The bliss diffused throughout the universe;
Yet holier beauty, higher bliss he sought,
Of which that universe was but the veil,
Wrought with inexplicable hieroglyphics.
Here then he stood, alone but not forsaken
Of Him, without whose leave a sparrow falls not.
Wide open lay the Book of Deity,
The page was Providence: but none, alas!
Had taught him letters; when he look'd, he wept
To feel himself forbidden to peruse it.
—"O for a messenger of mercy now,
Like Philip when he join'd the Eunuch's chariot!
O for the privilege to burst upon him,
And show the blind, the dead, the light of life!"

I hush'd the exclamation, for he seem'd

To hear it; turn'd his head, and look'd all round,
As if an eye invisible beheld him,
A voice had spoken out of solitude:
— Yea such an eye beheld him, such a voice
Had spoken; but they were not mine; his life
He would have yielded on the spot, to see
That eye; to hear that voice, and understand it:
It was the eye of God, the voice of Nature.
All in a moment on his knees he fell;
And with imploring arms, outstretch'd to heaven,
And eyes no longer wet with hopeless tears,
But beaming forth sublime intelligence;
In words through which his heart's pulsation throbb'd,
And made mine tremble to their accents, — pray'd:
— "Oh! if there be a Power above all power,
A Light above all light, a Name above
All other names, in heaven and earth; that Power,
That Light, that Name I call upon." — He paused,
Bow'd his hoar head with reverence, closed his eyes,
And with clasp'd hands upon his breast, began
In under tones, that rose in fervency,
Like incense kindled on a holy altar,
Till his whole soul became one tongue of fire,
Of which these words were faint and poor expressions:
— "Oh! if Thou art, Thou knowest that I am:
Behold me, hear me, pity me, despise not
The prayer, which — if Thou art — Thou hast inspired,
Or wherefore seek I now a God unknown?
And feel for Thee, if haply I may find
In whom I live and move and have my being?

Reveal Thyself to me; reveal thy power,
Thy light, thy name, — that I may fear, adore,
Obey, — and, oh! that I might love Thee too!
For, if Thou art — it must be — Thou art good;
And I would be the creature of thy goodness:
Oh! hear and answer; — let me know Thou hearest!
— Know that as surely as thou art, so surely
My prayer and supplication are accepted."

He waited silently; there came no answer:
The roaring of the tide beneath, the gale
Rustling the forest-leaves, the notes of birds,
And hum of insects, — these were all the sounds,
That met familiarly around his ear.
He look'd abroad; there shone no light from heaven
But that of sunset; and no shapes appear'd
But glistering clouds, which melted through the sky
As imperceptibly as they had come;
While all terrestrial objects seem'd the same
As he had ever known them; — still he look'd
And listen'd, till a cold sick feeling sunk
Into his heart, and blighted every hope.

Anon faint accents, from the sloping lawn
Beneath the crag where he was kneeling, rose,
Like supernatural echoes of his prayer:
— "A Name above all names — I call upon. —
Thou art — Thou knowest that I am: — Reveal
Thyself to me; — but, oh! that I may love Thee!
For if Thou art, Thou must be good: — Oh! hear,

And let me know thou hearest!" — Memory fail'd
The child; for 'twas his grandchild, though he knew not,
— In the deep transport of his mind, he knew not
That voice, to him the sweetest of ten thousand,
And known the best because the best beloved.
Again it cried: — "Thou art — Thou must be good:
— Oh! hear,
And let me know Thou hearest." — Memory fail'd
The child, but feeling fail'd not; tears of light
Slid down his cheek; he too was on his knees,
Clasping his little hands upon his heart,
Unconscious why, yet doing what he saw
His grandsire do, and saying what he said.
For while he gather'd buds and flowers, to twine
A garland for the old grey hairs, whose locks
Were lovelier in his sight than all the blooms
On which the bees and butterflies were feasting,
The Patriarch's agony of spirit caught
His eye, his ear, his heart; he dropt the flowers,
And kneeling down among them, wept and pray'd
Like him, with whom he felt such strange emotions
As rapt his infant-soul to heavenly heights;
Though whence they sprang, and what they meant,
he knew not;
But they were good, and that was all to him,
Who wonder'd why it was so sweet to weep;
Nor would he quit his humble attitude,
Nor cease repeating fragments of that lesson,
Thus learnt spontaneously from lips, whose words
Were almost dearer to him than their kisses,

When on his lap the old man dandled him,
And told him simple stories of his mother.

Recovering thought, the venerable sire
Beheld, and recognized his darling boy,
Thus beautiful and innocent, engaged
In the same worship with himself. His heart
Leap'd at the sight: he flung away despondence,
While joy unspeakable and full of glory
Broke through the pagan darkness of his soul.
He ran and snatch'd the infant in his arms,
Embraced him passionately, wept aloud,
And cried, scarce knowing what he said, — "My Son!
My Son! there is a God! there is a God!" —
"And, oh! that I may love Thee too!" rejoin'd
The child, whose tongue could find no other words
Than prayer; — "for if Thou art, Thou must be good." —
— "He is! He is! and we will love Him too!
Yea and be like Him, — good, for He is good!"
Replied the ancient father in amazement.

Then wept they o'er each other, till the child
Exceeded, and the old man's heart reproved him
For lack of reverence in the excess of joy:
The ground itself seem'd holy! heaven and earth
Full of the presence, felt not seen, of Him,
The Power above all power, the Light above
All light, the Name above all other names;

Whom he had call'd upon, whom he had found,
Yet worshipp'd only as "the Unknown God," —
That nearest step which uninstructed man
Can take, from Nature up to Deity.
To Him again, standing erect, he pray'd,
And while he pray'd, high in his arms he held
That dearest treasure of his heart, the child
Of his last dying daughter, — now the sole
Hope of his life, and orphan of his house.
He held him as an offering up to heaven,
A living sacrifice unto the God
Whom he invoked: — "Oh! Thou who art!" he cried,
"And hast reveal'd that mystery to me,
Hid from all generations of my fathers,
Or, if once known, forgotten and perverted;
I may not live to learn Thee better here;
But, oh! let this my son, mine only son,
Whom thus I dedicate to Thee; — let him,
Let him be taught thy will, and choose
Obedience to it; — may he fear thy power,
Walk in thy light, now dawning out of darkness;
And, oh! my last, last prayer, — to him reveal
The unutterable secret of thy name!"
He paused; then with the transport of a seer
Went on: — "That Name may all my nation know;
And all that hear it worship at the sound,
When thou shalt with a voice from heaven proclaim it;
And so it surely shall be." —

"For Thou art;
And if Thou art, Thou must be good!" exclaim'd
The child, yet panting with the breath of prayer.

They ceased; then went rejoicing down the mountains,
Through the cool glen, where not a sound was heard,
Amidst the dark solemnity of eve,
But the loud purling of the little brook,
And the low murmur of the distant ocean.
Thence to their home beyond the hills in peace
They walk'd; and when they reach'd their humble threshold,
The glittering firmament was full of stars.
— He died that night; his grandchild lived to see
The Patriarch's prayer and prophecy fulfill'd.

Here end my song; here ended not the vision:
I heard seven thunders uttering their voices,
And wrote what they did utter: but 't is seal'd
Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts
Unbodied yet in vocal words await
The quickening warmth of poesy, to bring
Their forms to light, — like secret characters,
Invisible till open'd to the fire;
Or like the potter's paintings, colorless
Till they have pass'd to glory through the flames.
Changes more wonderful than those gone by,
More beautiful, transporting, and sublime,
To all the frail affections of our nature,

To all the immortal faculties of man;
Such changes did I witness; not alone
In one poor Pelican Island, nor on one
Barbarian continent, where man himself
Could scarcely soar above the Pelican:
— The world as it hath been in ages past,
The world as now it is, the world to come,
Far as the eye of prophecy can pierce; —
These I beheld, and still in memory's rolls
They have their pages and their pictures; these,
Another day, a nobler song may show.

Vain boast! another day may not be given;
This song may be my last; for I have reach'd
That slippery descent, whence man looks back
With melancholy joy on all he cherish'd;
Around with love unfeign'd, on all he's losing;
Forward, with hope that trembles while it turns
To the dim point where all our knowledge ends.
I am but one among the living; one
Among the dead I soon shall be; and one
Among unnumber'd millions yet unborn;
The sum of Adam's mortal progeny,
From Nature's birthday to her dissolution:
— Lost in infinitude, my atom-life
Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star
Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand,
Twinkling incessantly; no ray returning
To shine a second moment, where it shone
Once, and no more for ever: — so I pass.

The world grows dark, lonelier, and more silent,
As I go down into the vale of years;
For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,
Till I forget existence in the thought
Of non-existence, buried for a while
In the still sepulchre of my own mind,
Itself imperishable: — ah! that word,
Like the archangel's trumpet, wakes me up
To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me
Must think for ever; that which feels must feel:
— I am, and I can never cease to be.

O thou that readest! take this parable
Home to thy bosom; think as I have thought,
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes,
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought,
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,
And thou shalt find this moral to my song:
— Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be:
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee?
I may not answer; ask Eternity.

END OF CANTO IX.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Emblem of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought,
Thy whole realm's before me brought
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new,
— Time nor tide thy power subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are reveal'd,
Treasures hidden in thy field,
From the birth of nature seal'd.

But thy depths I search not now
Nor thy liquid surface plow
With a billow-breaking prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain,
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the surges never roll
Round the undiscover'd pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled,
— Yet the mother loves her child, —

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All love's charities dwell here.

Next on lonely Labrador
Let me hear the snow-storms roar,
Blinding, burying all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man the heir of all things roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
— These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England! hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace, as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like the' Hesperides of old,
— Trees of life with fruits of gold.

No, — a curse is on their soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil
Man degrade, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay,
— Slavery there hath had her day.

Hark! eight hundred thousand tongues
Startle midnight with strange songs;
— England ends her negroes' wrongs.

Loud the voice of freedom spoke,
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a fetter broke.

South America expands
Forest-mountains, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a glorious scene awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles,
Round ten thousand little isles,
— Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car; —

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's storm-cliffs run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, dire Japan,
With bewilder'd eyes I scan,
— They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms that change not, stagnant mind,
And they leave the same behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests and sky-blue seas,
— But I tarry not with these.

Pass we drear New Holland's shoals
Where no ample river rolls,
— World of unawaken'd souls!

Bring them forth; — 't is Heaven's decree.
Man, assert thy liberty;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between;
— Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire, — lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield the sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press through southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thine head; —

And where Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert sands,
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There a warrior's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell:
— On that theme all time shall dwell.

But henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future: "Here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves:
— O 't were mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves!

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold, —

Land of negroes! would I dare
In this felon-trade to share,
Or to brand its guilt forbear.

Hercules! thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land!
Cloud-clapt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, when Cato's word was fate
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate, —

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars,
— Haste we from the' accursed shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
— Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent, —

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud;
Thy refulgent head is bow'd.

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
On her capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
— Look well, tyrants, to your chains.

Splendid realm of old romance,
Spain, thy tower-crown'd crest advance.
Grasp the shield, and couch the lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant bigotry would fly,
At thy voice oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks, — thy cause is just,
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore,
Thou art not the France of yore,
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast; and who like thee?
Then mad-drunk with liberty;
What *now?* — neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland like the blast,
One quick glance on Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia, — all are past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany, beware the day,
When thy schools again bear sway.

Now to thee, to thee, I fly,
Fairest isle, beneath the sky,
To my heart, as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest;
— Mine own land! I love thee best.

Scarborough, December, 1826.

BIRDS.

THE SWALLOW.

Swallow, why homeward turn'd thy joyful wing?
— In a far land I heard the voice of spring;
I found myself that moment on the way;
My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay.

SKYLARKS.

What hand lets fly the skylark from his rest?
— That which detains his mate upon the nest;
Love sends *him* soaring to the fields above;
She broods below, all bound with cords of love.

THE CUCKOO.

Why art thou always welcome, lonely bird?
— The heart grows young again when I am heard;
Nor in my double note the magic lies,
But in the fields, the woods, the streams, and skies.

THE RED-BREAST.

Familiar warbler, wherefore art thou come?
— To sing to thee, when all beside are dumb;
Pray let thy little children drop a crumb.

THE SPARROW.

Sparrow, the gun is levell'd, quit that wall.
— Without the will of heaven I cannot fall.

THE RING-DOVE.

Art thou the bird that saw the waters cease?
— Yes, and brought home the olive-leaf of peace;
Henceforth I haunt the woods of thickest green,
Pleased to be often heard, but seldom seen.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Minstrel, what makes thy song so sad, so sweet?
— Love, love; — there agony and rapture meet;
O 't is the dream of happiness, to feign
Sorrow in joy, and wring delight from pain!

THE WATER-WAGTAIL.

What art thou made of, — air, or light, or dew?
— I have no time to tell you, if I knew;
My tail, — ask that, — perhaps may solve the matter:
I've miss'd three flies already by this chatter.

THE WREN.

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
— Ay, with nine nestlings too, and room for all;
Go, compass sea and land in search of bliss,
Then tell me if you find a happier home than this.

THE THRUSH.

Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill.
— "I play to please myself, albeit ill;" *

* Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. June.

And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,
My singing pleases all the world as well.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Well done! — they 're noble notes, distinct and strong;
Yet more variety might mend the song.
— Is there another bird that chants like me?
My pipe gives all the grove variety.

THE BULLFINCH.

Bully, what fairy warbles in thy throat?
— Oh! for the freedom of my own wild note!
Art has enthrall'd my voice; I strive in vain
To break the "linked sweetness" of my chain;
Love, joy, rage, grief, ring one melodious strain.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Live with me, love me, pretty goldfinch, do!
— Ay, pretty maid, and be a slave to you;
Wear chains, fire squibs, draw water, — nay, not I,
While I've a bill to peck, or wing to fly.

THE STONE-CHAT.

Why art thou ever flitting to and fro?
— Plunge through these whins, their thorns will let thee know.
There are five secrets brooding here in night,
Which my good mate will duly bring to light;
Meanwhile she sees the ants around her throng,
And hears the grasshopper chirp all day long.

THE GREY LINNET.

Linnet, canst thou not change that humble coat?
Linnet, canst thou not mellow that sharp note?
— If rude my song, and mean my garb appear,
Have you, sir, eyes to see, or ears to hear?

THE RED LINNET.

Sweet is thy warble, beautiful thy plume!
— Catch me and cage me, then behold my doom:
My throat will fail, my color wane away,
And the *red* linnet soon become *a grey*.*

THE CHAFFINCH.

Stand still a moment!
— Spare your idle words,
I'm the perpetual mobile of birds;
My days are running, rippling, twittering streams,
When fast asleep I'm all afloat in dreams.

THE CANARY.

Dost thou not languish for thy father-land,
Madeira's fragrant woods and billowy strand?
— My cage is father-land enough for me;
Your parlor all the world, — heaven, earth, and sea.

THE TOMTIT.

Least, nimblest, merriest bird of Albion's isle,
I cannot look on thee without a smile,
— I envy thee the sight, for all my glee

* Some naturalists say that this actually happens.

Could never yet extort a smile from me;
Think what a tiresome thing my life must be.

THE SWIFT.

Why ever on the wing, or perch'd elate?
— Because I fell not from my first estate;
This is my charter for the boundless skies,
"Stoop not to earth, on pain no more to rise."

THE KING-FISHER.

Why dost thou hide thy beauty from the sun?
— The eye of man, but not of Heaven, I shun;
Beneath the mossy bank, with alders crown'd,
I build and brood where running waters sound;
There, there the halcyon peace may still be found.

THE WOODLARK.

Thy notes are silenced, and thy plumage mew'd;
Say, drooping minstrel, both shall be renew'd.
— Voice will return, — I cannot choose but sing;
Yet liberty alone can plume my wing;
Oh! give me that! — I will not, cannot fly
Within a cage less ample than the sky;
Then shalt thou hear, as if an angel sung,
Unseen in air, heaven's music from my tongue:
Oh! give me that! — I cannot rest at ease
On meaner perches than the forest trees;
There, in thy walk, while evening shadows roll,
My song shall melt into thine inmost soul;
But, till thou let thy captive bird depart,
The sweetness of my strain shall wring thy heart.

THE COCK.

Who taught thee, chanticleer, to count the clock?
— Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock?
Long before wheels and bells had learn'd to chime,
I told the steps unseen, unheard, of time.

THE JACK-DAW.

Canst thou remember that unlucky day,
When all thy peacock-plumes were pluck'd away!
— Remember it? — believe me, that I can,
With right good cause, for I was *then* a man!
And for my folly, by a wise old law,
Stript, whipt, tarr'd, feather'd, turn'd into a daw:
— Pray, how d'ye like my answer? Caw, caw, caw!

THE BAT.

What shall I call thee, — bird, or beast, or neither?
— Just what you will; I'm rather both than either;
Much like the season when I whirl my flight,
The dusk of evening, — neither day nor night.

THE OWL.

Blue-eyed, strange-voiced, sharp-beak'd, ill omen'd fowl,
What art thou?
— What I ought to be, an owl;
But if I 'm such a scarecrow in your eye,
You 're a much greater fright in mine; — good-by!

ROOKS.

What means that riot in your citadel?
Be honest, peaceable, like brethren dwell.
— How, while we live so near to man, can life
Be any thing but knavery, noise, and strife

THE JAY.

Thou hast a crested poll, a scutcheon'd wing,
Fit for a herald of the eagle king,
But such a voice! I would that thou couldst sing!
— My bill has tougher work, — to scream for fright,
And then, when screaming will not do, to bite.

THE PEACOCK.

Peacock! of idle beauty, why so vain?
— And art *thou* humble, who hast no proud train?
It is not vanity, but nature's part,
To show, by me, the cunning of *her* art.

THE SWAN.

Sing me, fair swan, that song which poets dream.
— Stand thou an hundred years beside this stream,
Then may'st thou hear, perchance, my latest breath
"Create a soul beneath the ribs of death." *

THE PHEASANT.

Pheasant, forsake the country, come to town;
I'll warrant thee a place beneath the crown.

* Milton's Comus.

— No ; not to roost upon the throne, would I
Renounce the woods, the mountains, and the sky.

THE RAVEN.

Thin is thy plumage, death is in thy croak ;
Raven, come down from that majestic oak.
— When I was hatch'd, my father set this tree,
An acorn ; and its fall I hope to see,
A century after thou hast ceased to be.

THE PARROT.

Camest thou from India, popinjay, — and why ?
— To make thy children open ear and eye,
Gaze on my feathers, wonder at my talk,
And think 't is almost time for Poll to walk.

THE MAGPIE.

Magpie, thou too hast learn'd by rote to speak
Words without meaning, through thy uncouth beak.
— Words have I learn'd ? and without meaning too ?
No wonder, sir, for I was taught by you.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

Art thou a sound, and nothing but a sound ?
— Go round the field, and round the field, and round,
You 'll find my voice for ever changing ground ;
And while your ear pursues my creaking cry,
You look as if you heard it with your eye.

THE STORK.

Stork, why were human virtues given to thee?
— That human beings might resemble me;
Kind to my offspring, to my partner true,
And duteous to my parents, — what are you?

THE WOODPECKER.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, I hear thy knocking bill,
Then thy strange outcry, when the woods are still.
— Thus am I ever laboring for my bread,
And thus give thanks to find my table spread.

THE HAWK.

A life at every meal, rapacious hawk!
Spare helpless innocence!
— Troth, pleasant talk!
Yon swallow snaps more lives up in a day
Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear,
A word, a whisper, — you — are you quite clear?
Creation's groans, through ocean, earth, and sky,
Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

VULTURES.

Abominable harpies, spare the dead.
— We only clear the field which man has spread;
On which should Heaven its hottest vengeance rain?
You slay the living, we but strip the slain.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Art thou a bird, or bee, or butterfly?
— Each and all three. — A bird in shape am I,
A bee collecting sweets from bloom to bloom,
A butterfly in brilliancy of plume.

THE EAGLE.

Art thou the king of birds, proud eagle, say?
— I am; my talons and my beak bear sway;
A greater king than I, if thou wouldst be,
Govern thy tongue, but let thy thoughts be free.

THE PELICAN.

Bird of the wilderness, what is thy name?
— The Pelican! — go, take the trump of fame,
And if thou give the honor due to me,
The world may talk a little more of thee.

THE HERON.

Stock-still upon that stone, from day to day,
I see thee watch the river for thy prey.
— Yes, I'm the tyrant here; but when I rise,
The well-train'd falcon braves me in the skies;
Then comes the tug of war, of strength and skill,
He dies, impaled on my updarted bill,
Or, powerless in his grasp, my doom I meet,
Dropt as a trophy at his master's feet.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The bird of paradise!
— That name I bear,
Though I am nothing but a bird of air:

Thou art a child of earth, and yet to thee,
Lost and recover'd, paradise is free:
Oh! that such glory were reserved for me!

THE OSTRICH.

Hast thou expell'd the mother from thy breast,
And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?
— Ah! no, the mother in me knows her part;
Yon glorious sun is warmer than *my* heart;
And when to light he brings my hungry brood,
He spreads for them the wilderness with food.

TIME:

A RHAPSODY.

Sed fugit, interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.
VIRG. *Georg.* iii. 284.

'T IS a mistake: time flies not,
He only hovers on the wing:
Once born, the moment dies not,
'T is an immortal thing;
While all is change beneath the sky,
Fix'd like the sun as learned sages prove,
Though from our moving world he seems to move,
'T is time stands still, and we that fly.

There is no past; from nature's birth,
Days, months, years, ages, till the end
Of these revolving heavens and earth,
All to one centre tend;
And, having reach'd it late or soon,
Converge, — as in a lens, the rays,
Caught from the fountain-light of noon,
Blend in a point that blinds the gaze:
— What has been is, what is shall last;
The present is the *focus* of the past;
The future, perishing as it arrives,
Becomes the present, and itself survives.

Time is not *progress*, but *amount ;*
One vast accumulating store,
Laid up, not lost ; — we do not count
Years *gone* but *added* to the score
Of wealth untold, to clime nor class confined,
Riches to generations lent,
For ever spending, never spent,
The' august inheritance of all mankind,
Of this, from Adam to his latest heir,
All in due turn their portion share,
Which, as they husband or abuse,
Their souls thĕy win or lose.

Though history, on her faded scrolls,
Fragments of facts, and wrecks of names enrols,
Time's indefatigable fingers write
Men's meanest actions on their souls,
In lines which not himself can blot :
These the last day shall bring to light,
Though through long centuries forgot,
When hearts and sepulchres are bared to sight.

Then, having fill'd his measure up,
Amidst his own assembled progeny,
(All that have been, that are, or yet may be,)
Before the great white throne,
To him who sits thereon,
Time shall present the' amalgamating cup,
In which, as in a crucible,
He hid the moments as they fell,

More precious than Golconda's gems,
Or stars in angel's diadems,
Though to our eyes they seem'd to pass
Like sands through his symbolic glass:
But now, the process done,
Of millions multiplied by millions, none
Shall there be wanting, — while by change
Ineffable and strange,
All shall appear at once, all shall appear as one.

Ah! then shall each of Adam's race,
In that concentred instant, trace,
Upon the tablet of his mind,
His whole existence in a thought combined,
Thenceforth to part no more, but be
Impictured on his memory;
— As in the image-chamber of the eye,
Seen at a glance, in clear perspective, lie
Myriads of forms of ocean, earth, and sky.

Then shall be shown, that but in name
Time and eternity were both the same;
A point which life nor death could sever,
A moment standing still for ever.

1833.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH A COPY OF THE FOREGOING LUCUBRATION.

May she for whom these lines are penn'd,
By using well, make time her friend;
Then, whether he stands still or flies,
Whether the moment lives or dies,
She need not care, — for time will be
Her friend to all eternity.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale;
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long
In gloom and loneliness of mind;
Deaf to the melody of song,
To every form of beauty blind;
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns
With rapturous pulses through my veins;
My heart from out its ashes burns;
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains;
New kindled at the sun, my sight
Tracks to a point the eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old grey rocks,
Glide with yon river to the deep,
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,
Free as the roebuck run and leap;

Or mount the lark's victorious wing,
And from the depth of ether sing.

O earth! in maiden innocence,
Too early fled thy golden time;
O earth! earth! earth! for man's offence,
Doom'd to dishonor in thy prime;
Of how much glory then bereft!
Yet what a world of bliss is left!

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,
Puts forth a paradise of flowers;
Labor, man's punishment, is nurse
To home-born joys at sunset hour;
Plague, earthquake, famine, want, disease,
Give birth to holiest charities.

And death himself, with all the woes,
That hasten, yet prolong his stroke,
Death brings with every pang repose,
With every sigh he solves a yoke;
Yea his cold sweats and moaning strife
Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life with all its burdens dear!
Friendship is sweet, love sweeter still;
Who would forego a smile, a tear,
One generous hope, one chastening ill?
Home, kindred, country, — these are ties
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known;
  Unvex'd felicity their lot;
The sea of glass before the throne,
  Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not;
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,
Are soon appeased, are troubled soon.

Well, I would bear what all have borne,
  Live my few years, and fill my place
O'er old and young affections mourn,
  Rent one by one from my embrace,
Till suffering ends, and I have done
With every thing beneath the sun.

Whence came I? — Memory cannot say;
  What am I? — Knowledge will not show;
Bound whither? — Ah! away, away,
  Far as eternity can go: —
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O GOD! thyself my teacher be.

1823.

WORMS AND FLOWERS.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sun-beams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain streams
To blue autumnal skies.

You're spinning for my lady, flower!
You're training for my love,
The glory of her summer-bower,
While skylarks soar above:
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But, oh! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form,
In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this;

Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consign'd to worms and dust:
Yet like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the sod,
To shine in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of GOD.

1834.

THE RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'T was beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colors catch,
As if 't were raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;

Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace,
— Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story; — she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

1829.

THE RETREAT.

Written on finding a copy of verses in a small edifice so named, at Raithby in Lincolnshire, the seat of R. C. Brackenbury, to whom the author made a visit in the autumn of 1815, after a severe illness.

A STRANGER sat down in the lonely retreat; —
Though kindness had welcomed him there,
Yet weary with travel, and fainting with heat,
His bosom was sadden'd with care:
That sinking of spirit *they* only can know,
Whose joys are all chasten'd with fears;
Whose waters of comfort, though deeply they flow,
Still wind through the valley of tears.

What ails thee, O stranger! but open thine eye
A paradise bursts on thy view;
The sun in full glory is marching on high
Through cloudless and infinite blue:
The woods in their wildest luxuriance display'd,
Are stretching their coverts of green,
While bright from the depth of their innermost shade,
Yon mirror of waters is seen.

There richly reflected, the mansion, the lawn,
The banks and the foliage appear,
By nature's own pencil enchantingly drawn,
— A landscape enshrined in a sphere;

While the fish in their element sport to and fro,
Quick glancing or gliding at ease,
The birds seem to fly in a concave below,
Through a vista of down-growing trees.

The current unrippled by volatile airs,
Now glitters, now darkens along,
And yonder o'erflowing, incessantly bears
Symphonious accordance to song:
— The song of the ring-dove enamour'd, that floats
Like soft-melting murmurs of grief;
— The song of the red-breast, in ominous notes,
Foretelling the fall of the leaf:

— The song of the bee, in its serpentine flight,
From blossom to blossom that roves;
— The song of the wind, in the silence of night,
When it wakens or hushes the groves:
— Thus sweet in the chorus of rapture and love,
Which God in his temple attends,
With the song of all nature beneath and above,
The voice of these waters ascends.

The beauty, the music, the bliss of that scene
With ravishing sympathy stole
Through the stranger's lorn bosom, illumined his
mien,
And soothed and exalted his soul:
Cold, gloomy forebodings then vanish'd away,
His terrors to ecstasies turn,

As the vapors of night, at the dawning of day,
With splendor and loveliness burn.

The stranger reposed in the lonely retreat,
Now smiling at phantoms gone by,
When, lo! a new welcome, in numbers most sweet,
Saluted his ear through his eye:
It came to his eye, but it went to his soul;
— Some muse, as she wander'd that way,
Had dropt from her bosom a mystical scroll,
Whose secrets I dare not betray.

Strange tones, we are told, the pale mariner hears,
When the mermaids ascend from their caves,
And sing, where the moon's lengthen'd image appears
A column of gold on the waves;
— And wild notes of wonder the shepherd entrance,
Who dreaming beholds in the vale,
By torchlight of glow-worms, the fairies that dance
To minstrelsy piped in the gale.

Not less to that stranger, mysteriously brought,
With harmony deep and refined,
In language of feeling and music of thought,
Those numbers were heard in his mind: [crept,
Then quick beat the pulse which had languidly
And sent through his veins a spring-tide;
It seem'd as the harp of a seraph were swept
By a spirit that sung at his side.

All ceased in a moment, and nothing was heard,
And nothing was seen, through the wood,
But the twittering cry of a fugitive bird,
And the sunset that blazed on the flood:
He rose, for the shadows of evening grew long,
And narrow the glimpses between;
The owl in his ambush was whooping his song,
And the gossamer glanced on the green.

Oft pausing, and hearkening, and turning his eye,
He left the sequester'd retreat;
As the stars in succession awoke through the sky,
And the moon of the harvest shone sweet;
So pure was her lustre, so lovely and bright,
So soft on the landscape it lay,
The shadows appear'd but the slumber of light,
And the night-scene a dream of the day.

He walk'd to the mansion, — though silent his tongue,
And his heart with his fulness opprest,
His spirit within him melodiously sung
The feelings that throbb'd in his breast:
— "Oh! ye, who inherit this privileged spot!
All blooming like Eden of yore,
What earth can afford is already your lot,
With the promise of 'life evermore.'

"Here, oft as to strangers your table is spread,
May angels sit down at your board;
Here, oft as the poor by your bounty are fed,
By charity shown to your Lord;

Thus walking with GOD in your paradise here,
In humble communion of love,
At length, may your spirits, when He shall appear,
Be caught up to glory above."

SPEED THE PROW.

Not the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear;
Dark or bright his Providence,
Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was, — 't is so no longer, —
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had founder'd surely,
But a Power invisible
Breathed upon me; — then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,

Helm, and shrouds, and heart renew'd,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging tow'rds the tomb:
Bright beyond, — on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the light-house! — land, land, land!

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight are fleeing fast;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past;
But where day's last spark declines,
Glory everlasting shines.

1834.

THE SKY-LARK.

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

On hearing one singing at daybreak, during a sharp frost, on the 17th of February, 1832, while the author was on a travel, between Bath and Stroud.

O WARN away the gloomy night,
With music make the welkin ring,
Bird of the dawn! — On joyful wing,
Soar through thine element of light,
Till nought in heaven mine eye can see,
Except the morning star and thee.

O welcome in the cheerful day!
Through rosy clouds the shades retire,
The sun hath touch'd thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray:
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track thy flight.

Could I translate thy strains, and give
Words to thy notes in human tongue,
The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I might record upon this page,
And sing *thy* song from age to age.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
  Secrets so freely told above,
  Yet is their burden joy and love,
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
  Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
  Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
  No downward cares thy thoughts engage,
  But in thine house of pilgrimage,
Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
  Still be their burden joy and love:
  — Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

THE FIXED STARS.

Reign in your heaven, ye stars of light!
Beyond this troubled scene;
With you, fair orbs! there is no night,
Eternally serene,
Each casts around its tranquil way,
The radiance of its own clear day;
Yet not unborrow'd. — What are ye?
Mirrors of Deity:
My soul, in your reflective rays,
Him whom no eye hath seen surveys,
As I behold (himself too bright for view)
The sun in every drop of dew.

The gloom that brings, through evening skies,
Your beauty from the deep;
The clouds that hide you from our eyes;
The storms that seem to sweep
Your scatter'd train, like vessels tost
On ocean's waves, now seen, now lost;
— Belong to our inferior ball,
Ye shine above them all:
Your splendor noon eclipses not,
Nor night reveals, nor vapors blot;
O'er us, not you, these changes come and pass;
Ye navigate a sea of glass.

Thus, on their hyaline above,
In constellations stand
The tribes redeem'd by sovereign love:
— Crown'd, and with harp in hand,
They sing before the great I AM,
The song of Moses and the Lamb;
Returning in perpetual streams
His own all-lightening beams.
— Theirs be thy portion, O my soul!
That while heaven's years self-circling roll,
I may, among the ransom'd — they in me,
And I in them, — GOD's image see.

1834.

THE LILY.

TO A YOUNG LADY, E. P.

FLOWER of light, forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth,
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue ethereal sky!

While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starr'd with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells
Rifle their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble-pinion'd air
Waft thy breath to heaven like prayer.
Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thine head;
Morn impearl thy leaves with dews,
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Noon with snow-white splendor bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress.
— Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay;
Live a life of fragrance, — then
Disappear, — to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she, whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die to be transplanted hence
To that garden in the skies,
Where the lily never dies.

1829.

THE GENTIANELLA.

IN LEAF.

GREEN thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest plant among the mean!

From the dust I took my birth;
Thou, too, art a child of earth;
I aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate;
Time will come when thou shalt see
Honor crown humility,
Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue,
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?

When I open'd first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament
Was the sapphire brilliance sent.
Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share,
Do what I did, — look up *there*;
What I could not, — look with prayer!

THE SUN-FLOWER.

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays:
Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
Beyond the path where planets run,
The light of immortality,
The splendor of creation's sun;
Though sprung from earth, and hastening to the tomb,
In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
I look to heaven.

1834.

WINTER-LIGHTNING.

THE flash at midnight! — 't was a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
  Then sunk in tenfold gloom;
Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
  Then closed as in the tomb:
An angel might have pass'd my bed,
Sounded the trump of GOD, and fled.

So life appears; — a sudden birth,
A glance revealing heaven and earth,
  It *is* and it is *not!*
So fame the poet's hope deceives,
Who sings for after-times, and leaves
  A name — to be forgot:
Life is a lightning-flash of breath,
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

1834.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
— In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
— Fairest and best adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends;
— Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

EVENING TIME.

ZECH. XIV. 7.

At evening time let there be light:—
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose:
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:—
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
Dews, birds, and flowers cheer'd all the way:
O for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light:—
For GOD hath said,—"So let it be!"
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see:
—'T is evening time, and there *is* light.

Conway, North Wales, 1828.

REMINISCENCE.

Remembrance of the dead revives
The slain of time, at will;
Those who were lovely in their lives,
In death are lovelier still.

Unburden'd with infirmity,
Unplagued like mortal men,
O with what pure delight we see
The heart's old friends again!

Not as they sunk into the tomb,
With sickness-wasted powers,
But in the beauty and the bloom
Of their best days and ours.

The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

Lightnings may blast, but thunder-showers
Earth's ravaged face renew,
With nectar fill the cups of flowers,
And hang the thorns with dew.

Remembrance of the dead is sweet;
Yet how imperfect this,
Unless past, present, future, meet,
— A threefold cord of bliss!

Companions of our youth, our age,
With whom through life we walk'd,
And in our house of pilgrimage,
Of home beyond it talk'd: —

Grief on their urn may fix her eyes,
— They spring not from the ground;
Love may invoke them from the skies,
— There is no voice nor sound.

Fond memory marks them as they *were*,
Stars in our horoscope;
But soon to see them as they *are*,
— That is our dearest hope.

Not through the darkness of the night,
To waking thought unseal'd,
But in the uncreated light
Of Deity reveal'd.

They cannot come to us, but *we*
Ere long to them may go;
— That glimpse of immortality
Is heaven begun below.

A RECOLLECTION OF MARY F.,

A YOUNG LADY UNEXPECTEDLY REMOVED FROM A LARGE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Her life had twice been saved, once from the flames, and again from the water, by an affectionate father.

THRICE born for earth and twice for heaven,
A lovely maiden once I knew,
To whom 't is now in glory given
To grow, as here in shade she grew;
Brief was her course, but starry bright;
The linnet's song, the lily's white,
The fountain's freshness, — these shall be
Meet emblems of that maid to me.

A weeping babe to light she came,
And changed for smiles a mother's throes;
In childhood from devouring flame
Rescued, to second life, she rose;
A father's arm had pluck'd her thence;
That arm again was her defence,
When buried in the strangling wave,
He snatch'd her from an ocean grave.

Twice born for heaven as thrice for earth,
When God's eternal Spirit moved

On her young heart, a nobler birth
Than nature can confer, she proved:
— The dew-drop in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.

Thus in the dew of youth she shone,
Thus in the morn of beauty fell;
Even while we gazed, the form was gone,
Her life became invisible;
Her last best birth, with her last breath,
Came in the dark disguise of death;
Grief fill'd her parents' home of love,
But joy her Father's house above.

1833.

THE CHOLERA MOUNT.

LINES ON THE BURYING-PLACE FOR PATIENTS WHO DIED OF CHOLERA MORBUS; A PLEASANT EMINENCE IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

Written during the prevalence of the disease in 1832, and while great terror of infection from it was experienced throughout the kingdom, sanctioned by legislative authority, requiring the separate interment of its unfortunate victims.

In death divided from their dearest kin,
This is "a field to bury strangers in:"
Fragments, from families untimely reft,
Like spoils in flight or limbs in battle left,
Lie here; — a sad community, whose bones
Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones;
While from beneath my feet they seem to cry,
"Oh! is it nought to you, ye passers by!
When from its earthly house the spirit fled,
Our dust might not be 'free among the dead?'
Ah! why were we to this Siberia sent,
Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment?"

Shuddering humanity asks, "Who are these?
And what their crime?" — *They fell by one disease!*
By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,
No force unwrench, out-singled one by one;

When, like a monstrous birth, the womb of fate
Bore a new death of unrecorded date,
And doubtful name. — Far east the fiend begun
Its course ; thence round the world pursued the sun,
The ghosts of millions following at its back,
Whose desecrated graves betray'd their track.
On Albion's shores unseen the invader stept ;
Secret and swift through field and city swept ;
At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,
Asleep, awake, alone, amid the throng ;
Kill'd like a murderer ; fix'd its icy hold,
And wrung out life with agony of cold ;
Nor stay'd its vengeance where it crush'd the prey,
But set a mark, like Cain's, upon their clay,
And this tremendous seal impress'd on all,
" Bury me out of sight and out of call."

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,
No kneeling mother kiss her baby's bed ;
No maiden unespoused, with widow'd sighs,
Seek her soul's treasure where her true love lies :
— All stand aloof, and eye this mount from far,
As panic-stricken crowds some baleful star,
Strange to the heavens, that, with bewilder'd light,
Like a lost spirit wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her fallen state,
In many a home by these left desolate,
Once warm with love, and radiant with the smiles
Of woman, watching infants at their wiles,

Whose eye of thought, when now they throng her knees,
Pictures far other scene than that she sees,
For one is wanting, — one, for whose dear sake,
Her heart for very tenderness would ache,
As now with anguish, — doubled when she spies
In this his lineaments, in that his eyes,
In each his image with her own commix'd,
And there, at least, through life their union fix'd.

Humanity again asks, "Who are these?
And what their crime?" — They fell by *one* disease;
Not by the Prøteus-maladies that strike
Man into nothingness, not twice alike;
But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,
Their fathers' bones refused to make them room;
Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,
As though a thunderbolt had smote them dead;
Their cries pursued her with the thrilling plea,
"Give us a little earth for charity!"
She linger'd, listen'd, all her bosom yearn'd,
Through every vein the mother's pulse return'd;
Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw
Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew:
"Live!" to the slain, she cried, "My children, live!
This for an heritage to you I give;
Had death consumed you by the common lot,
You with the multitude had been forgot,
Now through an age of ages shall ye *not*."

Thus Nature spake, and as her echo, I
Take up her parable, and prophesy:

— Here, as from spring to spring the swallows pass,
Perennial daisies shall adorn the grass;
Here the shrill sky-lark build her annual nest,
And sing in heaven while you serenely rest: [shine.
On trembling dew-drops morn's first glance shall
Eve's latest beams on this fair bank decline,
And oft the rainbow steal through light and gloom,
To throw its sudden arch across your tomb;
On you the moon her sweetest influence shower,
And every planet bless you in its hour.

With statelier honors still, in time's slow round,
Shall this sepulchral eminence be crown'd,
Where generations long to come shall hail
The growth of centuries waving in the gale,
A forest landmark on the mountain's head,
Standing betwixt the living and the dead;
Nor while your language lasts, shall traveller cease
To say, at sight of your memorial, "*Peace!*"
Your voice of silence answering from the sod,
"*Whoe'er thou art, prepare to meet thy God!*" *

1832.

* This anticipation has been accomplished. The adjacent plantation has rapidly grown up; the ground has been beautifully laid out; and, in 1835, a conspicuous monument was erected, by public subscription, on the spot where *three hundred and thirty-nine bodies* out of *upwards of four hundred victims* of the Cholera, were interred, — to commemorate the said removal of the sufferers from among the living, and their strange insulation after death, within that humble inclosure. The shaft is triangular, diminishing in stories from the base to the summit, which was originally surmounted by a plain cross of propor-

tionate elevation. Unfortunately, in the hurricane of January the 7th, 1839, one third of the whole was thrown down. It has subsequently been repaired, and crowned with a less graceful form of cross, by which, however, the tapering structure will be less liable to injury from elemental violence.

The two following Sonnets were composed on visiting the scene of dilapidation, in February of the same year.

I.

Thou tempest-broken column! still stand on;
More fit memorial of the untimely dead,
Than when the cross upon thy summit shed
A halo round this Golgotha; — 't is gone,
And now the earnest eye, where late it shone,
Is rapt through vague infinity instead,
Up the blue sky, receding over head,
Less and less seen the longer look'd upon.

Thus, where the fragments of thy pinnacle
Lie at thy base, as lie within this plot
The bones of buried mortals, — while I dwell
On where and what may be the spirit's lot,
Thought falls like night on my bewilder'd mind,
The more I search the more I feel I'm blind.

II.

Yet there is Hope, thou storm-struck monument!
Stand on, though half thy glory be laid low
By an unseen and instantaneous blow:
For, as the wind, which thee asunder rent,
Came none knew whence, and none knew whither went.
So the plague smote the slain around thee, — so
Surprised its victims; and, with *Woe! woe! woe!*
Hundreds, unwarn'd, to sudden judgment sent.

Not for the dead, ye living! but the unborn,
O let the symbol of redeeming Love
Again this renovated shaft adorn,
And point from death below to life above,
That all, who here sin's bitter wages see,
May on this mount remember Calvary!

THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

The Jews occasionally hold a "Solemn Assembly" in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the ancient burial-place of Jerusalem. They are obliged to pay a heavy tax for the privilege of thus mourning, in stillness, at the sepulchres of their ancestors.

PART I.

In Babylon they sat and wept,
Down by the river's willowy side;
And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,
The strings of breaking hearts replied:
— A deeper sorrow now they hide;
No Cyrus comes to set them free
From ages of captivity.

All lands are Babylons to them,
Exiles and fugitives they roam;
What is their own Jerusalem?
— The place where they are *least* at home!
Yet hither from all climes they come;
And pay their gold, for leave to shed
Tears o'er the generations fled.

Around, the eternal mountains stand,
With Hinnom's darkling vale between;

Old Jordan wanders through the land,
  Blue Carmel's sea-ward crest is seen,
  And Lebanon yet sternly green
Throws, when the evening sun declines,
Its cedar-shades, in lengthening lines.

But, ah! for ever vanish'd hence,
  The temple of the living GOD,
Once Zion's glory and defence!
  — Now mourn beneath the oppressor's rod,
  The fields which faithful Abraham trod,
Where Isaac walk'd by twilight gleam,
And heaven came down on Jacob's dream.

For ever mingled with the soil,
  Those armies of the Lord of Hosts,
That conquer'd Canaan, shared the spoil,
  Quell'd Moab's pride, storm'd Midian's posts,
  Spread paleness through Philistia's coasts,
And taught the foes, whose idols fell,
"There is a God in Israel."

Now, David's tabernacle gone,
  What mighty builder shall restore?
The golden throne of Solomon,
  And ivory palace are no more;
  The Psalmist's song, the Preacher's lore,
Of all they wrought, alone remain
Unperish'd trophies of their reign.

Holy and beautiful of old,
  Was Zion 'midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
  Bulwarks that set at nought their powers;
  — Swept from the earth are all her towers;
Nor is there — so was she bereft —
One stone upon another left.

The very site whereon she stood,
  In vain the eye, the foot would trace;
Vengeance for saints' and martyrs' blood,
  Her walls did utterly deface;
  Dungeons and dens usurp their place;
The cross and crescent shine afar,
But where is Jacob's natal star?

PART II.

Still inexterminable, still
  Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple-hill,
  Amidst her desecration stand,
  And bite the lip, and clench the hand:
— To-day in that lone vale they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

Ha! what a spectacle of woe!
  In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children gathering slow,

Sink down in reverie profound;
There is no voice, no speech, no sound,
But through the shuddering frame is thrown
The heart's unutterable groan.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe,
Themselves like spectres from the dead;
Where, shrined in rocks above, beneath,
With clods along the valley spread,
Their ancestors, each on his bed,
Repose, till at the judgment-day,
Death and the grave give up their prey.

Before their eyes, as in a glass,
— Their eyes that gaze on vacancy —
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass,
But, "Ichabod" on all they see
Brands Israel's foul apostasy;
— Then last and worst, and crowning all
Their crimes and sufferings — Salem's fall.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,
Kedron's unwater'd brook is dumb;
But through the glen of sepulchres
Is heard the city's fervid hum,
Voices of dogs and children come:
Till loud and long the medzin's * cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

* More properly "muedhin's," the person whose business it is to call the Mohammedans to prayer; no bells being used by them for that purpose.

Blight through their veins those accents send;
In agony of mute despair,
Their garments as by stealth, they rend;
Unconsciously they pluck their hair;
— This is the Moslem's hour of prayer!
'T was Judah's once, — but fane and priest,
Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

And by the Gentiles, in their pride,
Jerusalem is trodden down:
— "How long? — for ever wilt thou hide
Thy face, O LORD; — for ever frown?
Israel was once thy glorious crown,
In sight of all the nations worn;
Now from thy brow in anger torn.

"Zion, forsaken and forgot,
Hath felt thy stroke, and owns it just:
O GOD, our GOD! reject us not,
Her sons take pleasure in her dust:
How is the fine gold dimm'd with rust!
The city throned in gorgeous state,
How doth she now sit desolate!

"Where is thine oath to David sworn?
We by the winds like chaff are driven:
Yet unto us a Child is born,
Yet unto us a Son is given;
His throne is as the days of Heaven:
When shall He come to our release,
The mighty GOD, the Prince of Peace?"

PART III.

Thus blind with unbelief they cry,
But hope revisits not their glooms;
Seal'd are the words of prophecy,
Seal'd are the secrets of yon tombs,
Where all is dark, — though nature blooms,
Birds sing, streams murmur, heaven above,
And earth around, are life, light, love.

The sun goes down; — the mourning crowds,
Requicken'd, as from slumber start;
They met in silence here like clouds,
Like clouds in silence they depart:
Still clings the thought to every heart,
Still from their lips escapes in sighs,
— "By whom shall Jacob yet arise?"

By whom shall Jacob yet arise?
— Even by the Power that wakes the dead:
He whom your fathers did despise,
He who for *you* on Calvary bled,
On Zion shall his ensign spread;
— Captives! by all the world enslaved,
Know your Redeemer, and be saved!

1828.

A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA:

On building a Chapel at Cape Town, for the Negro Slaves of the colony, in 1828.

AFRIC, from her remotest strand,
Lifts to high heaven one fetter'd hand,
And to the utmost of her chain
Stretches the other o'er the main:
Then, kneeling 'midst ten thousand slaves,
Utters a cry across the waves,
Of power to reach to either pole,
And pierce, like conscience through the soul,
Though dreary, faint, and low the sound,
Like life-blood gurgling from a wound,
As if her heart, before it broke,
Had found a human tongue, and spoke.

"Britain! *not now* I ask of thee
Freedom, the right of bond and free;
Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man;
Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair;
An end *will* come — it will not wait,
Bands, yokes, and scourges have their date,

Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

But now I urge a dearer claim,
And urge it by a mightier name:
Hope of the world! on thee I call,
By the great Father of us all,
By the Redeemer of our race,
And by the Spirit of all grace,
Turn not, Britannia, from my plea;
— So help thee GOD as thou help'st me!
Mine outcast children come to light
From darkness, and go down in night;
— A night of more mysterious gloom
Than that which wrapt them in the womb:
Oh! that the womb had been the grave
Of every being born a slave!
Oh! that the grave itself might close
The slave's unutterable woes!
But what beyond that gulf may be,
What portion in eternity,
For those who live to curse their breath,
And die without a hope in death,
I know not, and I dare not think;
Yet, while I shudder o'er the brink
Of that unfathomable deep,
Where wrath lies chain'd and judgments sleep,
To thee, thou paradise of isles!
Where mercy in full glory smiles;

Eden of lands! o'er all the rest
By blessing others doubly blest,
— To thee I lift my weeping eye;
Send me the Gospel or I die;
The word of Christ's salvation give,
That I may hear his voice and live.

TO MY FRIEND,

GEORGE BENNET, ESQ.,

OF SHEFFIELD,

On his intended Visit to Tahiti, and other Islands of the South Sea, where Christianity had been recently established.

Go, take the wings of morn,
And fly beyond the utmost sea;
Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn,
Thy GOD is still with thee;
And where his Spirit bids thee dwell,
There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy father-land,
Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home;
O'er many a rude, barbarian strand,
In exile though thou roam,
Walk there with GOD, and thou shalt find
Double for all thy faith resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge,
And in a light and fragile bark,
Thy path through flood and tempest urge,
Like Noah in the ark,
Then tread like him a new world's shore,
Thine altar build, and GOD adore.

Leave our Jerusalem,
JEHOVAH's temple and his rest;
Go where no Sabbath rose on them,
Whom pagan gloom oppress'd,
Till bright, though late, around their isles,
The Gospel-dawn awoke in smiles.

Amidst that dawn, from far,
Be thine expected presence shown;
Rise on them like the morning-star
In glory not thine own,
And tell them, while they hail the sight,
Who turn'd *thy* darkness into light.

Point where his hovering rays
Already gild their ocean's brim,
Erelong o'er heaven and earth to blaze;
Direct all eyes to Him,
— The sun of righteousness, who brings
Mercy and healing on his wings.

Nor thou disdain to teach
To savage hordes celestial truth,
To infant-tongues thy mother's speech,
Ennobling arts to youth,
Till warriors fling their arms aside,
O'er bloodless fields the plough to guide.

Train them, by patient toil,
To rule the waves, subdue the ground,

Enrich themselves with nature's spoil,
With harvest-trophies crown'd,
Till coral-reefs, 'midst desert seas,
Become the new Hesperides.

Thus then in peace depart,
And angels guide thy footsteps: — No!
There is a feeling in the heart,
That will not let thee go:
Yet go, — thy spirit stays with me;
Yet go, — my spirit goes with thee.

Though the broad world, between
Our feet, conglobe its solid mass;
Though lands and oceans intervene,
Which I must never pass;
Though day and night to thee be changed,
Seasons reversed, and climes estranged; —

Yet one in soul, — and one
In faith, and hope, and purpose yet,
God's witness in the heavens, yon sun,
Forbid thee to forget
Those from whose eyes his orb retires,
When thine his morning beauty fires!

When tropic gloom returns,
Mark what new stars their vigils keep,
How glares the wolf, — the phœnix burns,
And on a stormless deep,

The ship of heaven, — the patriarch's dove,
The emblem of redeeming love.*

While these enchant thine eye,
O think how often we have walk'd,
Gazed on the glories of *our* sky,
Of higher glories talk'd,
Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
And burn'd within us by the way.

Those hours, those walks are past,
We part; — and ne'er again may meet:
Why are the joys that will not last
So perishingly sweet?
Farewell, — we surely meet again
In life or death; — farewell till then.

Sheffield, March 10, 1821.

* The cross, the dove, the ship, the phœnix, and the wolf, are southern constellations.

STANZAS

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. JAMES HARVEY,

OF WESTON FAVELL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

WHO DIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1758,
AGED 43 YEARS.

Composed on an occasional celebration of his virtues and talents, at that village, in 1833.

WHERE is the house for all the living found?
— Go ask the deaf, the dumb, the dead;
All answer, without voice or sound,
Each resting in his bed;
Look down and see,
Beneath thy feet,
A place for thee;
— There all the living meet.

Whence come the beauteous progeny of spring?
— They hear a still, small voice, "Awake!"
And while the lark is on the wing,
From dust and darkness break;
Flowers of all hues
Laugh in the gale,

Sparkle with dews,
And dance o'er hill and dale.

Who leads through trackless space the stars of night?
— The Power that made them guides them still;
They know Him not, yet, day and night,
They do his perfect will:
Unchanged by age,
They hold on high
Their pilgrimage
Of glory round the sky.

Stars, flowers, and tombs were themes for solemn thought
With him whose memory we recall;
Yet more than eye can see he sought:
His spirit look'd through all,
Keenly discern'd
The truths they teach,
Their lessons learn'd,
And gave their silence speech.

Go, meditate with him among the tombs,
And there the end of all things view;
Visit with him spring's earliest blooms,
See all things there made new;
Thence rapt aloof
In ecstasy,
Hear, from heaven's roof,
Stars preach eternity.

We call him blessed whom the LORD hath blest
And made a blessing: — long to shed
Light on the living, from his rest,
And hope around the dead:
Oh! for his lot,
Who dwells in light,
Where flowers fade not,
And stars can find no night.

ONE WARNING MORE.

WRITTEN FOR DISTRIBUTION ON A RACE COURSE, 1824.

One fervent, faithful warning more
To him who heeded none before.

The fly around the candle wheels,
Enjoys the sport, and gaily sings,
Till nearer, nearer borne, he feels
The flame like lightning singe his wings;
Then weltering in the gulf below he lies,
And limb by limb, scorch'd miserably, dies.

From bough to bough, the wild bird hops,
Where late he caroll'd blithe and free,
But downward, downward, now he drops,
Faint, fluttering, helpless from the tree,
Where, stretch'd below, with eye of deadly ray,
The eager rattle-snake expects his prey.

Thou, child of pleasure, art the fly,
Drawn by the taper's dazzling glare;
Thou art the bird that meets an eye,
Alluring to the serpent's snare;
Oh! stay: — is reason lost? — is conscience dumb?
Be wise, be warn'd, escape the wrath to come.

Not swifter o'er the level course,
The racer glances to the goal,
Than thou, with blind and headlong force
Art running on — to lose thy soul;
Then, though the world were won, how dear the cost!
Can the whole world avail a spirit lost?

Death, on his pale horse, following fast,
Gains on thy speed, — with hell behind;
Fool! all thy yesterdays are past,
To-morrow thou wilt never find;
To-day is hastening to eternity;
"This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

THE VEIL.

THERE is a veil no mortal hand can draw,
Which hides what eye of mortal never saw;
Through that (each moment by the dying riven)
Could but a glance be to the living given,
How into nothing, less than nothing, all
Life's vanities, life's verities would fall,
And that alone of priceless worth be deem'd,
Which is most lightly by the world esteem'd!

Enough is known; there is a heaven, a hell;
Who 'scapes the last and wins the first doth well:
Whither away, my soul! — in which wouldst thou
Emerge from life, were death to smite me now?

1834.

A RIDDLE

ADDRESSED TO E. R., 1820.

I KNOW not who these lines may see;
I know not what these lines will be;
But, since a word in season sent,
As from a bow at hazard bent,
May reach a roving eye, or dart
Conviction to a careless heart,
Oh! that an arrow I could find
In the small quiver of my mind,
Which, with unerring aim, should strike
Each, who encounters it, alike!

Reader! attention! — I will spring
A wondrous thought; 'tis on the wing;
Guard well your heart, you guard in vain,
The wound is made, yet gives no pain;
Surprise may make your cheek to glow,
But, courage! none but *you* can know;
The thought, awaken'd by my spell,
Is more than I myself can tell.
How? — search the chamber of your breast,
And *think of that which you love best!*
I've raised the spirit, but cannot lay it,
Your secret found, but can't betray it.

So, ask *yourself*, — "What will *this* be,
A thousand ages hence, to me?"
And if it will not stand the fire,
In which all nature shall expire,
Think, — ere these rhymes aside are cast, —
As though the thought might be your last,
"Where shall I find below, above,
An object worthy of my love?"

Now hearken, and forget it never, —
Love *that* which you may love for ever.

ON A WATCH-POCKET

WORKED BY A. L.

WITHIN this curious case,
Time's sentinel I place,
Who, while calm, unconscious slumber
Shuts creation from mine eyes,
Though the silent gloom shall number
Every moment as it flies,
And record, at dawn of day,
Thrice ten thousand past away.

On each of these, my breath
May pause 'twixt life and death,
By a subtler line depending
Than the ray of twinkling light,
Which the smallest star is sending,
Every instant, through the night;
Yea, on films more finely spun,
All things hang, beneath the sun.

Rapt through a wildering dream,
Awake in sleep I seem;
Sorrow wrings my soul with anguish,
Joy expands my throbbing breast;
Now, o'erwhelm'd with care, I languish,
Now serene and tranquil rest;

— Morning comes, and all between
Is as though it ne'er had been.

But Time has daylight hours,
And man, immortal powers;
Waking joy and sleepless sorrow,
Worldly care and heavenly peace;
Life, renew'd with every morrow,
Not in death itself shall cease;
Man, through all eternity,
What he here hath been shall be.

May she, whose skilful hand
This fairy net-work plann'd,
Still, in innocent employment,
Far from vanity and vice,
Seek the Pearl of pure enjoyment,
On her path to Paradise;
Time, for earth or heaven, employ'd,
(Both have claims) is time enjoy'd.

Each day to her, in flight,
Bequeathe a gem at night;
Some sweet hope, some hallow'd pleasure,
From remembrance ne'er to part:
Hourly blessings swell the treasure
Hidden in her grateful heart,
And may every moment past
Leave a ray to gild her last.

1821.

TO CYNTHIA:

A young Lady, unknown to the Author, who, by letter, requested "a stanza," or "a few lines in his handwriting."

Spirits in heaven can interchange
Thoughts without voice or sound;
Spirits on earth at will can range,
Wherever man is found;
Their thoughts (as silent and as fleet
As summer lightnings in the west,
When evening sinks to glorious rest,)
In written symbols meet.

The motion of a feather darts
The secrets of sequester'd hearts
To kindred hearts afar;
As, in the stillness of the night,
Quick rays of intermingling light
Sparkle from star to star.

A spirit to a spirit speaks,
Where these few letters stand;
Strangers alike, — the younger seeks
A token from the hand,
That traced an unpretending song,
Whose numbers won her gentle soul,
While, like a mountain-rill, they stole
In trembling harmony along: —

What shall the poet's spirit send
To his unseen, unseeing friend?
— A wish as pure as e'er had birth
In thought or language of this earth.

Cynthia is young, — may she be old;
And fair no doubt, — may she grow wrinkled;
Her locks, in verse at least, are gold,
May they turn silver, thinly sprinkled;
The rose her cheek, the fire her eye,
Youth, health, and strength successive fly,
And in the end, — may Cynthia die!

"Unkind! inhuman!" — Stay your tears;
I only wish you length of years;
And wish them still, with all their woes,
And all their blessings, till the close;
For hope and fear, with anxious strife,
Are wrestlers in the ring of life,
And yesterday, to-day, to-morrow
Are but alternate joy and sorrow.

Now mark the sequel: — may your mind,
In wisdom's paths, true pleasure find,
Grow strong in virtue, rich in truth,
And year by year renew its youth;
Till, in the last triumphant hour,
The *spirit* shall the *flesh* o'erpower,
This from its sufferings gain release,
And *that* take wing, and part in peace.

FOR J. S.,

A PREAMBLE TO HER ALBUM.

"Ut pictura poesis." — Hor. *De Arte Poetica*, v. 361.

Two lovely sisters here unite
To blend improvement with delight, —
Painting and Poetry engage
To deck by turns the varied page.

Here every glowing picture be
The quintessence of poesy,
With skill so exquisitely wrought
As if the colors were pure thought,
— Thought, from the bosom's inmost cell,
By magic tints made visible,
That, while the eye admires, the mind,
As in a glass, itself may find.

And may the Poet's verse, alike,
With all the power of painting strike,
So freely, so divinely trace
In every line, "the line of grace,"
And beautify with such sweet art
The image chamber of the heart,

That Fancy here may gaze her fill,
Forming fresh scenes and shapes at will,
Where silent words alone appear,
Or, borrowing voice, but touch the ear.

Yet humble Prose with these shall stand,
Friends, kindred, comrades, hand in hand,
All in this fair inclosure meet,
The lady of the book to greet,
And, with the pen or pencil, make
The leaves love-tokens for her sake.

TO MARGARET;

A little Girl, who begged to have some Verses from the Author, at Scarborough, in 1814.

MARGARET! we never met before,
And, Margaret! we may meet no more;
What shall I say at parting?
Scarce half a moon has run her race,
Since first I saw your fairy face,
Around this gay and giddy place,
Sweet smiles and blushes darting;
Yet from my soul, I frankly tell,
I cannot help but wish you well.

I dare not wish you stores of wealth,
A troop of friends, unfailing health,
And freedom from affliction;
I dare not wish you beauty's prize,
Carnation lips, and bright blue eyes,
These look through tears, those breathe in sighs;—
Hear then my benediction;
Of these good gifts be you possest
Just in the measure GOD sees best.

But, little Margaret, may you be
All that *His* eye delights to see,

All that *He* loves and blesses ;
The Lord in darkness be your light,
Your help in need, your shield in fight,
Your comfort in distresses ;
Your hope through every future breath,
And your eternal joy in death !

ON THE FIRST LEAF OF MISS J.'s ALBUM.

What thoughts, beyond the reach of thought
To guess what they may be,
Shall in succession here be brought
From depths no eye can see!

Those thoughts are now upon their way,
Like light from stars unseen,
Though, ere they reach us, many a day
And year may intervene: —

Thoughts, which shall spring in friendship's breast,
Or genius touch with fire;
Thoughts, which good angels may suggest,
Or God himself inspire.

Such, o'er these pages pure and white,
By many a willing hand,
Be writ in characters of light,
And here unfading stand!

That she who owns the whole may find,
Reveal'd in every part,
The trace of some ingenuous mind,
The love of some warm heart.

TO MARY.

MARY! — it is a lovely name,
Thrice honor'd in the rolls of fame,
Not for the blazonry of birth,
Nor honors springing from the earth,
But what evangelists have told
Of three, who bare that name of old:
— Mary, the mother of our Lord,
Mary, who sate to hear his word,
And Mary Magdalen, to whom
Christ came, while weeping o'er his tomb;
These to that humble name supply
A glory which can never die.

Mary! my prayer for you shall be,
— May you resemble all the three
In faith, and hope, and charity.

SHORT-HAND.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO E. P.

THESE lines and dots are locks and keys,
In narrow space to treasure thought,
Whose precious hoards, whene'er you please,
Are thus to light from darkness brought.

On the small tablet of your heart,
By heaven's own finger be engraved,
Within, without, through every part,
The "words whereby you must be saved."

There the bright pages of GOD'S book,
In secret characters may lie,
Where you alone have power to look,
While hid from man and angel's eye.

Could nature's mysteries all be found,
Unbosom'd, where the billows roll,
In flowers embroider'd o'er the ground,
By stars emblazon'd round the pole; —

Less were the sum of truth reveal'd,
Through heaven, and earth, and sea express'd,
Than would be written, sign'd, and seal'd,
Once and for ever, in your breast.

1828.

THE BLANK LEAF.

FAIR page! the eye that looks on thee
Ere long shall slumber in the dust,
And wake no more, until it see
The resurrection of the just:
— May He, to whom that eye belongs,
Join their assembly and their songs.

Whose is that eye? — Just now 't is mine,
But, reader! when thou look'st 't is thine.

1825.

THE GNAT.

Written with pencil round an insect of that kind, which had been accidentally crushed, and remained fixed on a blank page of a Lady's Album.

LIE here embalm'd, from age to age;
This is the album's noblest page,
Though every glowing leaf be fraught
With painting, poetry, and thought;
Where tracks of mortal hands are seen,
A hand invisible hath been,
And left this autograph behind,
This image from the' eternal Mind;
A work of skill, surpassing sense,
A labor of Omnipotence;
Though frail as dust it meet thine eye,
He form'd this gnat who built the sky.

Stop — lest it vanish at thy breath,
This speck had life, and suffer'd death.

1832.

AN INFANT'S ALBUM.

A. H. R. to her Friends and Contributors, written to accompany her Portrait, at the beginning of the Book.

Now look upon my face, and say,
If you can turn your eyes away,
Nor grant the little boon I ask,
As if it were some mighty task.

What is it? — Only take your pen,
Look wise, and think a moment, — then
Write any thing, to which, for shame,
You need not fear to put your name;
Or, with the pencil's curious skill,
Draw flowers, birds, figures, — what you will;
I, like my elders and my betters,
Love pictures quite as well as letters.
Thus, page by page, my album store,
Till it an album be no more,
But richly fill'd, from end to end,
On every leaf present a Friend.

Now look upon my face, and see
Yourself, your very self, in me;
Were you not once as mild and meek,
With lip demure, and plump round cheek?

Did you not sometimes, too, look sly
Out of the corner of your eye,
As if you held an infant's jest,
Like a bird fluttering, to your breast,
Which wanted but an inch of wing,
Up through the air to soar and sing?
So I can feign to hide a joke,
And be as arch as graver folk.

Well, time runs on, and I, you know,
As tall and stout as you may grow,
Nay, more unlike my portrait here,
Than you just now like me appear.
Ah! then, if I must change so fast,
What will become of me at last?
— A poor, old woman of fourscore!
That's a long way to look before,
So I would learn of you, meanwhile,
How best the journey to beguile.
Look in my face again, you 'll find
The album of an infant's mind,
Unsoil'd by care, unworn by grief,
Like new-fall'n snow each maiden-leaf,
On which, if not in black and white,
In lines eternal, you may write
All that is lovely, pure, and good,
To be possess'd or understood.

Then, in *this* volume, as it lies,
Trace words and pictures to my eyes,

Which, thence, their mystic way may find,
Into *that* album of my mind,
And there impress each opening page,
With thoughts for childhood, youth, and age:
Breathe a sweet spirit through the whole,
That, like a soul within *my* soul,
Shall, by the early impulse given,
Guide me on earth, and bring to heaven.
Let every leaf unfold a text,
Either for this world or the next;
To learn of each, I 'm nothing loth,
They tell me I was born for both.
Let mirth with innocence combine,
And human knowledge aid divine.

Thus form'd by it, and it by you,
This Book shall render each their due;
For whoso peeps therein may start,
As though he look'd into my heart;
And if he did, you must beware,
That he would see *your* image there;
Then grant the boon with such a grace,
That you may have a good, warm place:
— Walk in, walk in; my heart, though small,
Is large enough to hold you all.

1828.

A WEDDING WISH.

TO MR. AND MRS. H.

THE cynosure of midnight skies
Appears but one to seamen's eyes,
Yet twain there are,
And each a star,
Perhaps a sun:—
May you, my Friends, reverse the view,
And while on earth you look like Two,
From heaven be seen as One;
Yea, like that polar symbol be
A double star of constancy.*

* The polar star, seen through a powerful telescope, appears to be two very near together.

MOTTO

TO

"A POET'S PORTFOLIO."

(FRAGMENT OF A PAGE OF OBLIVION.)

FALL'N feathers of a moulting wing,
Which ne'er again may soar;
Notes, sung in autumn woods, where Spring
Shall hear their sounds no more:
Her voice and plume — the bird renews;
Man fails but once; — 't is in the tomb,
His strength he mews.

1835.

THE VALENTINE WREATH.

Rosy-red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in ether clear,
All the east adorning;
White through mist the meadows shine,
Wake, my love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers with hoar-frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snow-drops drooping early,
With mezereon-sprigs combine;
Rise, my love, my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy, peeping;
Through the dry leaves in the wood,
Hunt the sorrel creeping;
With the little celandine,
Crown my love, my Valentine!

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scatter'd o'er the fallows;
Hazel-buds, with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows;

Tufted moss and ivy-twine,
Deck my love, my Valentine!

Few and simple flowerets these;
Yet to me less glorious,
Garden-beds and orchard-trees,
Since this wreath victorious
Binds thee now for ever mine,
O my love, my Valentine!

1811.

THE WIDOW.

Written at the request of a Lady, who furnished several of the lines and the plan of the whole.

Ah! who is she that sits and weeps,
And gazes on the narrow mound?
— In that fresh grave her true love sleeps,
Her heart lies with him in the ground:
She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
Plucks the frail flowers, that gaily bloom,
And casts them, ere they fade away,
In garlands, on its father's tomb;
— Unconscious where its father lies,
"Sweets to the sweet!" the prattler cries;
Ah! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's woe.

Again she turns away her head,
Nor marks her infant's sportive air,
Its cherub-cheeks all rosy-red,
Its sweet blue eyes and ringlet-hair;
Silent she turns away her head,
Nor dare behold that smile-bright face,
Where live the features of the dead
In lineaments of fairy-grace:

For there at once, with transport wild,
She sees her husband and her child;
Ah! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's woe.

And still I find her sitting here,
Though dark October frowns on all;
And from the lime-trees rustling near,
The scatter'd leaves around her fall;
O then it charms her inmost soul,
It suits the sadness of her mind,
To watch the clouds of autumn roll,
And listen to the moaning wind;
In every shadow, every blast,
The spirits of enjoyments pass,
She sees, she hears; — ah! then her eyes o'erflow
Not with the mother's love, but with the widow's woe.

Yon peasant dreads a gathering storm,
Yet pauses as he hastens by,
Marks the pale ruin of her form,
The desolation of her eye;
Beholds her babe for shelter creep
Behind the grave-stone's dreary shade,
Where all its father's sorrows sleep,
And all its mother's hopes are laid;
Remembering then his own heart's joy,
A rosy wife, a blooming boy;
"Ah me!" he sighs, "when I am thus laid low,
Must my poor partner feel a widow'd mother's woe?"

He gently stretches out his arm,
And calls the babe in accents mild;
The mother shrieks with strange alarm,
And snatches up her wondering child;
She thought that voice of tender tone,
Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
Came from beneath the hollow stone!
— He marks the wandering of her mind,
And thankful for his happier lot,
Seeks the warm comforts of his cot;
He meets his wife; — ah! then his eyes o'erflow;
She feels a mother's love, nor dreads a widow's woe.

The storm retires; — and hark! the bird,
The lonely bird of autumn's reign,
From the church pinnacle is heard;
O what a clear and simple strain!
See the delighted mourner start,
While Robin red-breast's evening song
Pours all its sweetness through her heart,
And soothes it as it trills along:
Then gleams her eye, her fancy hears
The warbled music of the spheres;
She clasps her babe; she feels her bosom glow,
And in a mother's love forgets a widow's woe.

Go to thine home, forsaken fair!
Go to thy solitary home;
Thou lovely pilgrim, in despair,
To thy saint's shrine no longer roam;

He rests not here; — thy soul's delight
Attends where'er thy footsteps tread;
He watches in the depth of night,
A guardian-angel round thy bed;
And still a father, fondly kind,
Eyes the dear pledge he left behind:
So love may deem, and death may prove it so:
— In heaven at least there is no widow's woe;
Thither, in following him, with thy sweet infant go.

1809.

IN MEMORY OF E. B.,

FORMERLY E. R

Hers was a soul of fire that burn'd,
Too soon for *us*, its earthly tent,
But not too soon for *her* return'd
To Him from whom it first was sent:
Grave! keep the ashes, till, redeem'd from thee,
This mortal puts on immortality.

Hers was a frame so frail, so fine,
The soul was seen through every part,
A light that could not choose but shine
In eye and utterance, hand and heart;
That soul rests now, till God, in his great day,
Remoulds his image from this perish'd clay.

Body and soul, eternally,
No more conflicting nor estranged,
One saint made perfect then shall be,
From glory into glory changed:
This was her hope in life, in death; — may I
Live like the righteous, like the righteous die.

1833.

IN MEMORY OF E. G.

Soft be the turf on thy dear breast,
And heavenly calm thy lone retreat;
How long'd the weary frame for rest;
That rest is come, and O how sweet!

There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night, without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day.

'Tis not a night without a morn,
Though glooms impregnable surround;
Nor lies the buried corse forlorn,
A hopeless prisoner in the ground.

The darkest clouds give lightnings birth,
The pearl is form'd in ocean's bed;
The germ, unperishing in earth,
Springs from its grave as from the dead.

So shall the relics of the just;
In weakness sown, but raised in power,
The precious seed shall leave the dust,
A glorious and immortal flower.

But art thou dead? — must we deplore
Joys gone for ever from our lot?
And shall we see thy face no more,
Where all reminds us — thou art not?

No, — live while those who love thee live,
The sainted sister of our heart;
And thought to thee a form shall give
Of all thou wast, and all thou art: —

Of all thou *wast*, when from thine eyes
The latest beams of kindness shone;
Of all thou *art*, when faith descries
Thy spirit bow'd before the throne.

1821.

SONGS

ON

THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY

IN THE BRITISH COLONIES,

AUG. 1, 1834.

SONGS

ON

THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

No. I.

THE RAINBOW.

Sign of the passing storm,
  Symbol of wrath gone by,
Born of the cloud and sun, — what form
  Of beauty tracks the sky?
From Afric to the isles of slaves
The rainbow spans the' Atlantic waves.

Black, white, and bond, and free,
  Castes and proscriptions cease;
The Negro wakes to liberty,
  The Negro sleeps in peace;
Read the great charter on his brow,
"I am a Man, a Brother *now*."

No. II.

THE NEGRO IS FREE.

[To Moore's Melody of "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."]

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea;
Britannia hath conquer'd, the Negro is free:
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,
Are wrench'd from his grasp, for the word was but spoken,
And fetters and scourges were plunged in the flood:
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath conquer'd, the Negro is free.

Hail to Britannia, fair liberty's isle!
Her frown quail'd the tyrant, the slave caught her smile:
Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story;
Say to the mother of mourners, "Rejoice!"
Britannia went forth, in her beauty, her glory,
And slaves sprang to men at the sound of her voice:
—Praise to the God of our fathers; 't was He,
Jehovah, that conquer'd, my country! by thee.

No. III.

SLAVERY THAT WAS.

Ages, ages have departed
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To the Caribbèan shore;
She like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd
In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy vainly pleading,
Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
Gladden'd all the gloomy west,
"Come, ye weary!
Come, and I will give you rest!"

Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Britons rose with one accord,
Purged the plague-spot from our nation,
Negroes to their rights restored;
Slaves no longer,
FREE-MEN, — FREE-MEN of the LORD.

No. IV.

SLAVERY THAT IS NOT.

God made all his creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordain'd no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

Sin the' eternal charter broke,
— Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

Pass five thousand pagan years
Of creation's groans and tears;
To oppression's climax come,
In the crimes of Christendom.

What were these? — Let Afric's sands,
Ocean's depths, West Indian strands,
In the day of wrath declare:
— Oh! the mercy that they *were*; —

For they *are not*, — *cannot be*;
Life again is liberty;

And the Negro's only bands
Love-knit hearts, and love-link'd hands.

So the plague of slavery cease!
So return primeval peace!
While the ransom'd tribes record
All the goodness of the LORD.

No. V.

THE NEGRO'S VIGIL:

ON THE EVE OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1834.

"They that watch for the morning: — they that watch for the morning."
Psalm cxxx. 6.

Hie to the mountain afar
All in the cool of the even;
Led by yon beautiful star,
First of the daughters of heaven:
Sweet to the slave is the season of rest,
Something far sweeter he looks for to-night;
His heart lies awake in the depth of his breast,
And listens till God shall say, "*Let there be light!*"

Climb we the mountain, and stand
High in mid-air, to inhale,
Fresh from our old father-land,
Balm in the ocean-borne gale:
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep;
Spirit of freedom! go forth in thy might,
To break up our bondage like infancy's sleep,
The moment when God shall say, "*Let there be light!*"

Gaze we, meanwhile, from this peak;
Praying in thought while we gaze;
Watch for the morning's first streak,
Prayer then be turn'd into praise:
Shout to the valleys, "Behold ye the morn,
Long, long desired but denied to our sight:"
Lo, myriads of slaves into men are new-born;
The word was omnipotent, "*Let there be light!*"

Hear it and hail it; — the call,
Island to island prolong;
Liberty! liberty! — all
Join in the jubilee-song:
Hark! 't is the children's hosannas that ring;
Hark! they are free-men whose voices unite;
While England, the Indies, and Africa sing,
"AMEN, HALLELUJAH!" at "*Let there be light!*"

VERSES

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS,

OF BRISTOL.

INTRODUCTION.

The author has nothing to say in favor of the following verses, except that they are the sincere tribute of his affections, as well as his mind, to the Christian virtues of the deceased.

Richard Reynolds was one of the Society of Friends, but, as far as human judgment can extend, he was one of those who also *are* Christians, not in word only but in deed. To *his* memory the inhabitants of Bristol have already instituted — and may their posterity perpetuate it! — the noblest monument, perhaps, that man ever raised in honor of his fellow man. This will be sufficiently explained by the following advertisement: —

"At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, held in the Guildhall of that city, on Wednesday, the 2d October, 1818, the right worshipful the Mayor in the chair: — It was unanimously resolved, That, in consequence of the severe loss which society has sustained by the death of the venerable Richard Reynolds, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the city of Bristol and its vicin-

ity, and to excite others to imitate the example of the departed philanthropist, an Association be formed under the designation of 'Reynolds's Commemoration Society.'

"That the members of the Society do consist of life subscribers of ten guineas or upwards, and annual subscribers of one guinea or upwards; and that the object of this Society be to grant relief to persons in necessitous circumstances, and also occasional assistance to other benevolent institutions in or near the city, to enable them to continue or increase their usefulness, and that especial regard be had to the Samaritan Society, of which Richard Reynolds was the founder.

"That the cases to be assisted and relieved be entirely in the discretion of the committee; but it is recommended to them not to grant any relief or assistance without a careful investigation of the circumstances of each case; and that, in imitation of the example of the individual whom this Society is designed to commemorate, it be considered as a sacred duty of the committee, to the latest period of its existence, to be wholly uninfluenced in the distribution of its funds by any considerations of sect or party."

The third piece in the ensuing series, entitled "A Good Man's Monument," was intended for a figurative representation of this sublime and universal charity. The resemblance ought to have been sufficiently obvious without being pointed out here.

At the public meeting, mentioned in the foregoing advertisement, many eloquent panegyrics were pronounced on the character of Richard Reynolds. Here let his own words and deeds speak for him, in a few cases, which were made public on that occasion.

Mr. Butterworth, of London, said: — "When the first subscription was opened to relieve the distress in Germany, I took some part in that institution. Being in Bristol soon afterwards, I had some conversation with Mr. Reynolds on the subject. He made many judicious observations and inquiries as to the nature of the distress, and the best mode of distribution, which served as valuable hints to the committee in London. He then modestly subscribed a moderate sum with his name; but shortly after, the committee received a blank letter, having the postmark of Bristol, and inclosing a Bank of England bill for five hundred pounds."

Dr. Pole gave the following account: — "It is well known that he made it his constant practice from religious principle annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time (if I am rightly informed,) he wrote to a friend in London, acquainting him that he had not, that year, spent the whole

of his income, requesting that if he knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he would be glad to be informed. His friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison for small debts. What did this humane and generous philanthropist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants. He opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free."

Dr. Stock said that he had heard, from what he considered good authority, the particulars of an act of princely liberality.

"Mr. Reynolds, in 1795, resided at Coalbrook Dale. He addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew, in a very short time, to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality: for, in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for nine thousand pounds more!"

Mr. Stephen Prust told this characteristic anecdote: — "Mr. Reynolds having applied to a gentleman whom he thought rich, but who was really

only in circumstances of mediocrity, to stimulate him to give, made use of the following argument: — 'When gold encircles the heart, it contracts it to such a degree, that no good can issue from it; but when the pure gold of faith and love gets into the heart, it expands it so that the last drop of lifeblood will flow into any channel of benevolence.'"

The following pleasing circumstance comes from the same authority: — "A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Stop (said the good man), thou art mistaken — we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'"

The Rev. William Thorpe, in the course of a most impressive speech, related a circumstance which strikingly exemplifies the humility of this excellent man: — "So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, 'My talent is the meanest of all talents — a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great Lord of all.'"

A simple but noble monument, from the association of illustrious names, was erected to the honor of Richard Reynolds, during his lifetime, by one of his most favored friends, who entered into rest long before

him. On hearing of Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, the late worthy Mr. John Birtill, of Bristol, placed a marble tablet in a private chapel in his dwelling-house, bearing this inscription: —

JOHN HOWARD.
JONAS HANWAY.
JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D.
RICHARD REYNOLDS.

"Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory."

Beneath some ample hallow'd dome,
The warrior's bones are laid,
And blazon'd on the stately tomb
His martial deeds display'd.

Beneath an humbler roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And Charity shall own:

To soften human woe their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer
Their work on earth, not to destroy;
And their reward — their Master's joy.

The following extract of a letter, from a benevolent friend of the deceased, introduces a most interesting document, written some years since by the departed philanthropist: — "A short time before the last illness of our late venerable friend, Mr. Reynolds, I had a pleasing conversation with him on the subject of the various charities in this city which he had so liberally patronized. He informed

me, that he thought it right to be his own executor, as it respected these and other charities; and, in confirmation that this had long been his opinion, put into my hands the following copy of a letter he had written twelve years ago on the subject.

A. T.

"*Bristol, Oct.* 11, 1816."

"*Bridgewater*,
"11th of 6th month, 1804.

"The sentiment to which thy brother —— alludes, though I know not that I expressed it to him, was in consequence of a reference to some post-mortuary charities, if thou wilt allow of the expression, when, adverting to the saying of the Apostle that we were to receive hereafter according to the things done *in the body;* I contended that *these* were not deeds done in the body; and I do not think the assertion need be qualified by the alteration thou suggestest, of being best done while we are in the body, for in the case under consideration we keep what we have as long as we are in the body, and would keep it longer, if we could. All that we do is to prevent our heirs from doing as we have done; and the deed is not done, either by them or by us, while *we* are in the body. If we should admit there is any merit in the deed, it certainly cannot belong to us who do it not; and that which we do, by enjoining what others shall do, is lessening, as much as we

can, every thing like merit in them, by depriving them of a free agency, especially if they are the persons to whom the money would have gone, if we had died intestate; these, if any, have a right to take credit on account of the act. Perhaps those, if any such there be, who prevent others from having that which the law would give them, would do well to consider whether the account is properly adjusted by their obliging those, to whom they do give it, to apply it to charitable purposes which can do them no credit; the testator certainly can claim none as far as a deed done in the body, which, as I said before, neither was then done, nor would have been done, had he continued in the body. I am pleased to find the reflection warmed thy heart. I hope it will move thy hands also upon an occasion of which the same post, that brought me thy letter, brought me an account, styled a case of distress, relating that ——, of ——, was drowned near ——, leaving a wife and nine children, without any provision for their support; that contributions would be received at the banks there till the 5th instant, after which time the inhabitants would be applied to personally. I suppose thou art not a stranger to the case — most likely not to the individuals; and, as a neighbor, still more as a parent of a numerous offspring, I conclude any assistance will be proportionably liberal, nor the less for its being a deed done in the body. I know not who sent me the case, which I did not receive till the time had expired for public

contributions; nevertheless, if thou wilt inform me what thou and others have done, and ye have left room for more, though a stranger to the persons, and remote from the place, my mite shall not be withdrawn by

"Thy affectionate friend,
"Richard Reynolds."

Finally, "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace," as the annexed authentic document will testify.

"*September* 14, 1816. — Memorandum respecting the late Richard Reynolds.

"In the spring of this year, his anxious friends thought they saw in his countenance indications of declining health; he was indeed, about this time, frequently complaining of weakness and loss of appetite. In May he was very unwell from a cold; but had nearly recovered it, when a bilious attack reduced him considerably, and did not permanently yield to medical skill. Seeing this, he was urged to try the waters of Cheltenham: to which he submitted, evidently to satisfy his friends; for his mind was fixed on the probability, that the complaint would terminate his earthly pilgrimage; and with this view he frequently expressed himself quite satisfied, having brought his mind to a dependence only on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He went to Cheltenham the 7th August; and continued,

with but little variation as to his disorder, till Friday the 6th September — walking and riding out every day, and even driving the carriage himself, accompanied by his daughter or cousin only — on which day he walked out before breakfast; but soon after became much weaker; and towards evening declined rapidly. On Sunday, however, he revived so much as to give hope that it would be possible to remove him to Bristol the next day, — the prospect of which had before appeared to be agreeable to him. But these hopes were disappointed; he sunk again in the course of that night never to revive. For many years, he had not been confined to his bed a whole day; and, during this illness, he got up and sat at table with the family at all their meals, till Monday, his last day, when he was induced by his friends to lie in bed till the afternoon; then he arose, drank tea with them in another room, and went to bed at his usual time. At five o'clock next morning, an alteration for the worse appearing in his breathing, some of his relatives, who had retired for a while, were called to him; but none of them thought his end so near. He had before desired that his daughter would be with him at his close; and now about six o'clock, raising himself a little, he signified that she should go to the other side of the bed; when, turning on his side, and taking her hand in his, and pressing it, he quietly, and almost imperceptibly, expired! — A silence, which can hardly be described, pervaded the room; no one quitting the

awful scene for more than an hour. This was the 10th September, 1816. 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

"A few days previously to this event, after something consolatory had been ministered by an endeared female friend, he said, 'My faith and hope are, as they have long been, on the mercy of GOD, through Jesus Christ, who was the propitiation for my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world.'

"During his illness he was exceedingly placid, and kind to everybody; his countenance and conduct indicating that all within was peace. No alarm, no regret, at leaving a world in which no one perhaps had more of its real blessings to relinquish — the love, the veneration of all around him; but, on the contrary, a willingness to yield up his spirit to him who gave it, and had sanctified it by the blood of the Redeemer."

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS.

I.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

This place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares, away!
Silence and darkness reign around,
But, lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears?

'T is not the morning light,
That wakes the lark to sing;
'T is not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing:
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to GOD.

He landed in our view,
'Midst flaming hosts above;
Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw — yet wist not what they saw
And heard — no tongue can tell
What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the' enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

— Behold the bed of death;
This pale and lovely clay;

Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No; — life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this alter'd mien,
And all the' embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead; — and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead; — in Christ *they* sleep.
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies.

II.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

Strike a louder, loftier lyre;
Bolder, sweeter strains employ;
Wake, Remembrance! — and inspire
Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
Flow'd, and will not cease to flow?
— Full of honors and of years,
In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
Springs aloft his mighty name;
For the memory of the Just
Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face
Did his inmost heart reveal;
One, who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
Charity was every word;
Him the eye beheld, and bless'd;
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
He could blend the awe of age
With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the LORD,
On the height of Lebanon,
Shade and shelter doth afford,
From the tempest and the sun: —

While in green luxuriant prime,
Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
From its locks it shakes sublime,
O'er the hills, the morning dews: —

Thus he flourish'd, tall and strong,
Glorious in perennial health;
Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
All his plenitude of wealth!

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
Worth the soul's uncounted cost;
Wealth, which misers had esteem'd
Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand
To the poorest child of need,
This he threw around the land,
Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest day,
Every grain on every ground,
Stony, thorny, by the way,
Shall an hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
Though he shone from east to west,
Far withdrawn from public gaze,
Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
Through the purple evening gleams,
Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
In the morning's golden beams:

Thus beneath the' horizon, dim,
He would hide his radiant head,
And on eyes that saw not him,
Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
Like an angel from the throne,
On benign commissions bent,
In the fear of GOD alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she turn'd her wheel, for joy;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
To the ignorant and vile,
Stranger, captive, slave, he came
With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
Gold, instruction, raiment, food,
Like the gifts of Providence,
To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity record,
Which he durst not call his own,
For he did them to the LORD.

As the earth puts forth her flowers,
Heavenward breathing from below;
As the clouds descend in showers,
When the southern breezes blow.

Thus his renovated mind,
Warm with pure celestial love,
Shed its influence on mankind,
While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
And victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied
— Not of merit, but of grace.

III.

A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

The pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones
Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their breath,
Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in death;
Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain;
For millions conquer'd, and ten thousands slain;
For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
Navies annihilated on the flood;
— The pageantry of public grief requires
The splendid homage of heroic lyres;
And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
Calls marble honor from its cavern'd bed,
And bids it live — the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these;
No blood of widows stains his obsequies;

But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
And foundling voices on their father call:
No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave;
But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrin'd;
And watching angels waited for the day,
When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life;
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
Hence no vain pomp, no glory to prolong,
No airy immortality of song;
No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
To make his lineaments for ever known,
Reynolds requires: — his labors, merits, name,
Demand a monument of surer fame;
Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
But show them *living*, while the world shall last:
Not to bewail one Reynolds, snatch'd from earth,
But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth;
In every age a Reynolds; born to stand
A prince among the worthies of the land,
By Nature's title, written in his face:
More than a Prince — a sinner saved by grace,
Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
To prove himself the minister of all.

Bristol! to thee the eye of Albion turns;
At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns;
For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
Are "British minds and British manners" found:
And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters pour
From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
Thou hast a native mine of worth untold;
Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress;
No — free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless
Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
In argent beauty through a lovelier land,
And widening, brightening to the western sun,
In floods of glory through thy channel run;
Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are hurl'd
In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world:
Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,
At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
Worthy wert thou of Reynolds; — worthy he
To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
Reynolds is dead; — thy lap receives his dust
Until the resurrection of the just:
Reynolds is dead; but while thy rivers roll,
Immortal in thy bosom live his soul!

Go, build his monument: — and let it be
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
On crystal pillars resting from above,
Its sole supporters — *works of faith and love;*

So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
They cast no shadow. all within be light:
No walls divide the area, nor inclose;
Charter the whole to every wind that blows;
Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue,
And thunders roll, — they pass unharming through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
With this, and only this, inscription graced,
The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
"Glory to God! good-will and peace on earth."
There be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
But with their gifts upon that altar spread;
— Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal.
Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair;
Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
The God of *him* — in whose transcendent mind
Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind:
Thy God, thrice-honor'd city! bids thee raise
That fallen temple, to the end of days:
Obey his voice; fulfil thine high intent;
— Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument!*

1818.

SACRED

AND

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.

SACRED

AND

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.

THE SAND AND THE ROCK.

"I will open my dark saying upon the harp." — *Psalm* xlix. 4.

Part I.

DESTRUCTION.

I BUILT my house upon the sand,
And saw its image in the sea,
That seem'd as stable as the land,
And beautiful as heaven to me.

For in the clear and tranquil tide,
As in a nether firmament,
Sun, moon, and stars appear'd to glide,
And lights and shadows came and went.

I ate and drank, I danced and sung,
Reclined at ease, at leisure stroll'd,

Collecting shells and pebbles, flung
Upon the beach, for gems and gold.

I said unto my soul, "Rejoice!
In safety, wealth, and pleasure here;"
But while I spake a secret voice,
Within my bosom, whisper'd "Fear!"

I heeded not, and went to rest,
Prayerless, once more, beneath my roof,
Nor deem'd the eagle on his nest
More peril-free, more tempest-proof.

But in the dead and midnight hour
A storm came down upon the deep;
Wind, rain, and lightning, such a stour,
Methought 't was doomsday in my sleep.

I strove, but could not wake, — the stream
Beat vehemently on my wall;
I felt it tottering in my dream;
It fell, and dreadful was the fall.

Swept with the ruins down the flood,
I woke; home, hope, and heart were gone;
My brain flash'd fire, ice thrill'd my blood;
Life, life was all I thought upon.

Death, death was all that met my eye;
Deep swallow'd deep, wave buried wave;
I look'd in vain for land and sky;
All was one sea, — that sea one grave.

I struggled through the strangling tide,
As though a bowstring wrung my neck;
"Help! help!" voice fail'd, — I fain had cried,
And clung convulsive to the wreck.

Not long, — for suddenly a spot
Of darkness fell upon my brain,
Which spread and press'd, till I forgot
All pain in that excess of pain.

Part II.

TRANSITION.

Two woes were past; a worse befell;
When I revived, the sea had fled;
Beneath me yawn'd the gulf of hell,
Broad as the vanish'd ocean's bed.

Downward I seem'd to plunge through space,
As lightning flashes and expires,
Yet — how I knew not — turn'd my face
Away from those terrific fires; —

And saw, in glory throned afar,
A human form yet all divine
Beyond the track of sun or star,
High o'er all height it seem'd to shine.

'Twas He who in the furnace walk'd
With Shadrach, and controll'd its power;

'Twas He with whom Elias talk'd,
In his transfiguration-hour.

'Twas He whom, in the lonely Isle
Of Patmos, John in spirit saw;
And at the lightning of his smile,
Fell down as dead, entranced with awe.

From his resplendent diadem,
A ray shot through mine inmost soul;
"Could I but touch his garment's hem,"
Methought, "like her whom faith made whole!"

Faith, faith was given; — though nigh and nigher,
Swift verging tow'rds the gulf below,
I stretch'd my hand; — but high and higher,
Ah me! the vision seem'd to go.

"Save Lord, I perish!" — while I cried,
Some miracle of mercy drew
My spirit upward; — hell yawn'd wide,
And follow'd; — upwards still I flew: —

And upwards still the surging flame
Pursued; — yet all was clear above,
Whence brighter, sweeter, kindlier came
My blessed Saviour's looks of love.

Till with a sudden flash forth beam'd
The fulness of the Deity: —
Hell's jaws collapsed; I felt redeem'd;
The snare was broken, I was free.

A voice from heaven proclaim'd, — "'T is done!"
Then, like a homeward ray of light
From the last planet to the sun,
I darted through the abyss of night.

Till He put forth his hand, to meet
Mine, grasping at infinity;
He caught me, set me on my feet;
I fell at his in ecstasy.

What follow'd, human tongue in vain
Would question language to disclose:
Enough, — that I was born again;
From death to life that hour I rose.

Part III.

RESTITUTION.

I built once more, but on a rock
(Faith's strong foundation firm and sure)
Fix'd mine abode, the heaviest shock
Of time and tempest to endure.

Not small, nor large, not low, nor high,
Midway it stands upon the steep,
Beneath the storm-mark of the sky,
Above the flood-mark of the deep.

And here I humbly wait, while He,
Who pluck'd me from the lowest hell,
Prepares a heavenly house for me,
Then calls me home with Him to dwell.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

1 THESS. iv. 17.

PART I.

"FOR ever with the LORD!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;

Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The LORD is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

PART II.

In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *his* sight,
Who looks existence through.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date;

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen
And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

"For ever with the LORD!"
— Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,

And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the LORD!"

Then though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the LORD!"

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep
And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the LORD!"

That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, — "For ever with the LORD!"
Amen, so let it be.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away.
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, — it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

Who were these? — on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us ;
— Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

GARDEN THOUGHTS.

On occasion of a Christian assembly in the grounds of a gentleman at York, for the purpose of promoting Missions among the Heathen.

In a garden — man was placed,
Meet abode for innocence,
With his Maker's image graced;
— Sin crept in and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest, and finding none.

In a garden — on that night,
When our Saviour was betray'd,
With what world-redeeming might,
In his agony he pray'd!
Till he drank the vengeance up,
And with mercy fill'd the cup.

In a garden — on the cross,
When the spear his heart had riven,
And for earth's primeval loss,
Heaven's best ransom had been given,
— Jesus rested from his woes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

Here, not Eden's bowers are found,
Nor forlorn Gethsemane,
Nor that calm, sepulchral ground
At the foot of Calvary;
— Yet this scene may well recall
Sweet remembrances of all.

Emblem of the Church below!
Where the Spirit and the Word
Fall like dews, like breezes blow,
And the LORD GOD's voice is heard,
Walking in the cool of day,
While the world is far away: —

Emblem of the church above!
Where, as in their native clime
Midst the garden of his love,
Rescued from the rage of time,
Saints, as trees of life, shall stand,
Planted by his own right hand!

Round the fair inclosure here
Flames no cherub's threatening sword,
Ye who enter feel no fear;
— Roof'd by heaven, with verdure floor'd,
Breathing balm from blossoms gay,
This be paradise *to-day*.

Yet one moment meditate
On our parents' banishment,

When from Eden's closing gate,
Hand in hand, they weeping went,
Spikenard groves no more to dress,
But a thorn-set wilderness.

Then remember Him who laid
Uncreated splendor by,
Lower than the angels made,
Fallen man to glorify,
And from death beyond the grave,
Unto life immortal save.

Think of Him — your souls He sought,
Wandering, never to return;
Hath He found you? — At the thought
Your glad hearts within you burn;
Then your love like His extend,
Be like Him the sinner's friend.

O'er Jerusalem He wept,
Doom'd to perish; — can't you weep
O'er a world, by Satan kept
Dreaming in delirious sleep,
Till the twinkle of an eye
Wakes them in eternity?

Ye, who smile in rosy youth,
Glow with manhood, fade through years,
Send the life, the light, the truth,
To dead hearts, blind eyes, deaf ears.

And your very pleasures make
Charities for Jesus' sake.

So shall gospel-glory run
  Round the globe, to every clime,
Brighter than the circling sun,
  Hastening that millennial time,
When the earth shall be restored
As the garden of the LORD.

1829.

TO MR. AND MRS. T.

OF YORK.

WITH THE FOREGOING STANZAS.

YE who own this quiet place,
  Here, like Enoch, walk with GOD;
And, till summon'd hence, through grace,
  Tread the path your Saviour trod;
Then to paradise on high,
With the wings of angels fly.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there:
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of GOD is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry — "Harvest-home!"

1832.

FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY.

Home, kindred, friends, and country, — these
  Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
  We bear them with us in our heart;
And yet 't is hard to feel resign'd,
When they must all be left behind.

But when the pilgrim's staff we take,
  And follow Christ from shore to shore,
Gladly for Him we all forsake,
  Press on, and only look before;
Though humbled nature mourns her loss,
The spirit glories in the cross.

It is no sin, like man, to weep,
  Even Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead;
Or yearn for home beyond the deep, —
  He had not where to lay his head;
The patriot's tears will He condemn,
Who grieved o'er lost Jerusalem?

Take up your cross, and say — "Farewell:"
  Go forth without the camp to Him,
Who left heaven's throne with men to dwell,
  Who died his murderers to redeem:

Oh! tell his name in every ear,
Doubt not, — the dead themselves will hear, —

Hear, and come forth to life anew;
— Then while the Gentile courts they fill,
Shall not your Saviour's words stand true?
Home, kindred, friends, and country still,
In earth's last desert you shall find,
Yet lose not those you left behind.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet,
And yet 't was good to bear;
Affliction brought me to Thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

My weaned soul was all resign'd
To Thy most gracious will;
Oh! had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

Where are the vows which then I vow'd,
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanish'd like the morning cloud,
These like the early dew.

LORD, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My GOD is all to me!"

1831.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

JOHN xxi. 15–17.

"LOVEST *thou me?*" I hear my Saviour say:
Would that my heart had power to answer — "Yea;
Thou knowest all things, LORD, in heaven above,
And earth beneath; Thou knowest that I love."

But 't is not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love thee as I ought;
Thy love must give that power, *thy* love alone;
There 's nothing worthy of thee but thine own;
LORD, with the love wherewith thou lovedst me,
Reflected on thyself, *I would* love thee.

"THE PRISONER OF THE LORD."

A SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK CHAMBER.

THOUSANDS, O LORD of Hosts! this day,
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For Thou art in their midst, to teach,
When on Thy name they call;
And Thou hast blessings, LORD, for each,
Hast blessings, LORD, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;

Oh! hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, LORD, for me?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold Thy prisoner; — loose my bands,
If 't is Thy gracious will;
If not, — contented in thine hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still!

I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
LORD, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrender'd heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope, the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

Oh! make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me, — and give me peace.

THE LOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." — *Rom.* viii. 28.

Yea — "ALL *things work together for their good!*"
How can this glorious truth be understood?
'T is like JEHOVAH'S throne, where marvellous light
Hides in thick darkness from created sight;
The first-born seraph, trembling while he sings,
Views its veil'd lustre through his shadowing wings;
Or, if he meets, by unexpected grace,
The beatific vision, face to face,
Shrinks from perfection, which no eye can see,
Entranced in the abyss of Deity.

Yea, — "ALL *things work together for their good!*"
How shall the mystery be understood?

From man's primeval curse are these set free,
Sin slain, death swallow'd up in victory?
The body from corruption so refined,
'T is but the immortal vesture of the mind?
The mind from folly so to wisdom won,
'T is a pure sunbeam of the eternal sun?

Ah! no, no; — all that troubles life is theirs,
Hard toil, sharp suffering, slow-consuming cares;
To mourn and weep; want raiment, food, and rest,
Brood o'er the unutter'd anguish of the breast;
To love, to hope, desire, possess, in vain;
Wrestle with weakness, weariness, and pain,
Struggle with fell disease from breath to breath,
And every moment die a moment's death.

This is their portion, this the common lot;
But *they* have sorrows which the world knows not
— Their conflicts with that world, its fair, false joys,
Ensnaring riches and delusive toys,
Its love, its hatred; its neglect and scorn;
With self-abhorrence harder to be borne;
The pangs of conscience, when God's holy law,
Through Sinai's thunders, strikes them dumb with awe;
Passions disorder'd, when insane desires
Blow the rank embers of unhallow'd fires;
Evils that lurk in ambush at the heart,
And shoot their arrows thence through every part;
Harsh roots of bitterness, light seeds of sin,
Oft springing up, and stirring strife within;
Pride, like the serpent, vaunting to deceive,
As with his subtilty beguiling Eve;
Ambition, like the great red dragon, hurl'd,
Sheer from heaven's battlements to this low world,
Boundless in rage, as limited in power,
Ramping abroad, and roaring to devour:

— *These*, which blithe worldlings laugh at and contemn,
Are worse than famine, sword, and fire to them.

Nor these alone, for neither few nor small
The trials rising from their holy call:
— The Spirit's searching, proving, cleansing flames;
Duty's demands, the Gospel's sovereign claims;
Stern self-denial, counting all things loss
For Christ, and daily taking up the cross;
The broken heart, or heart that will not break,
That aches nót, or that cannot cease to ache;
Doubts and misgivings, lest when storms are past,
They make sad shipwreck of the faith at last:
— *These*, and a thousand forms of fear and shame,
Bosom-temptations, that have not a name,
But have a nature, felt through flesh and bone,
Through soul and spirit, — felt by them alone;
— *These*, *these* the Christian pilgrims sore distress,
Like thorns and briars of the wilderness;
These keep them humble, keep them in the path,
As those that flee from everlasting wrath.

Yet, while their hearts and hopes are fix'd above,
As those who lean on everlasting love,
On faithfulness, which, though heaven's pillars bend,
And earth's base fail, uphold them to the end; —
By them, by them alone 'tis understood,
How all things work together for their good.
Would'st THOU too understand? — behold I show
The perfect way, — *Love* GOD, *and thou shalt know.*

A BENEDICTION FOR A BABY.

What blessing shall I ask for thee,
In the sweet dawn of infancy?
— That, which our Saviour, at his birth,
Brought down with Him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years
Of sunbeam smiles and rainbow tears?
— That, which in Him all eyes might trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth,
Where falsehood walks abroad as truth?
— By that good Spirit to be led,
Which John saw resting on his head.

What, in temptation's wilderness,
When wants assail, and fears oppress?
— To wield like Him the Scripture-sword,
And vanquish Satan by "the word."

What, in the labor, pain, and strife,
Combats and cares of daily life?
— In *his* cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay his head.

What, in the agony of heart,
When foes rush in, and friends depart?
— To pray like Him, the Holy One,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

What, in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath?
— Like Him your spirit to commend,
And up to Paradise ascend.

What in the grave, and in that hour,
When even the grave shall lose its power?
— Like Him, your rest awhile to take;
Then at the trumpet's sound awake,
Him as He *is* in heaven to see,
And *as* He is, yourself to be.

1831

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

LUKE xix. 13.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE LATE JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, ESQ.

AN EXEMPLARY CHRISTIAN, PATRIOT,
AND PHILANTHROPIST.

"HE was a burning and a shining light:"
— And is he now eclipsed in hopeless night?
No; faith beholds him near the sapphire throne,
Shining more bright than e'er on earth he shone
While, where created splendor all looks dim,
Heaven's host are glorifying GOD in him.

If faith's enraptured vision now be true,
And things invisible stand forth to view,
Though eye to eye the' embodied soul can see,
Self-lost amidst unclouded Deity,
He chooses, rather than a seraph's seat,
The lowest place at his Redeemer's feet;
And, with the' eternal weight of glory prest,
Turns even in Paradise to Christ for rest.

Come we who once beheld his noontide blaze,
And hid before him our diminish'd rays;
Since his translation to a higher sphere,
We may, we must, by our own light appear;
When sun and moon their greater beams resign,
The stars come out; they cannot choose but shine:
With force like his all eyes we cannot strike,
We may not equal him, but may be like:
Nor let the meanest think his lamp too dim,
In a dark world the LORD hath need of *him;*
By feeble instruments in providence,
GOD is well pleased his bounties to dispense:
In his economy of grace the same;
— The weakest are almighty in his name.

What though the great, the good, the glorious fall,
HE reigns whose kingdom ruleth over all.
— Talk not of talents; — what hast thou to do?
Thy duty, be thy portion *five* or *two;*
Talk not of talents; — is thy duty done?
Thou hadst sufficient, were they *ten* or *one.*
LORD, what *my* talents are I cannot tell,
Till thou shalt give me grace to use them well:
That grace impart, the bliss will then be mine,
But all the power and all the glory thine.

EVENING SONG.

FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd:

But Thou, soul-searching GOD! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and in truth that worshipp'd Thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colors, climates, lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west, the sun survey'd,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon hours, when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel-languages
In pure accordance to thy throne.

Not angel-trumpets sound more clear,
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield sweeter music to thine ear
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain:
— To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more; — and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord;
— Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

OUR SAVIOUR'S PRAYERS.*

PREAMBLE.

HIGH PRIEST for sinners, Jesus, Lord!
Whom as a man of griefs I see,
Thy prayers on earth while I record,
If still in heaven thou pray'st for me,
My soul for thy soul's travail claim;
I seek salvation in thy name.

PART I.

Baptized as for the dead he rose,
With prayer, from Jordan's hallow'd flood;
Ere long, by persecuting foes,
To be baptized in his own blood:
The Father's voice proclaim'd the Son, Luke iii. 21.
The Spirit witness'd;—these are one.

Early he rose ere dawn of day, Mark i. 35.
And to a desert place withdrew,

* In these stanzas the Scripture quotations are from those passages to which direct reference is intended in the lines themselves, rather than to the corresponding accounts of the same transactions by others of the sacred historians.

There was he wont to watch and pray,
Until his locks were wet with dew,
And birds below, and beams above,
Had warn'd him thence to works of love.

At evening when his toils were o'er,
He sent the multitudes away,
And on the mountain or the shore,
Luke vi. 12. All night remain'd alone to pray,
Till o'er his head the stars grew dim:
— When was the hour of rest for him?

In field or city when he taught,
Mark viii. 12. Oft went his spirit forth in sighs;
And when his mightiest deeds were wrought,
Mark vii. 34. To heaven he lifted up his eyes;
He prayed at Lazarus' grave, and shed
John xi. 41–43. Tears, with the word that waked the dead.

When mothers brought their babes, he took
Matt. xix. 13. The lambs into his arms, and pray'd;
On Tabor, his transfigured look,
Luke ix. 28, 29. While praying, turn'd the sun to shade,
And forms, too pure for human sight,
Grew visible amidst his light.

"O Father! save me from this hour,
Yet for this hour to earth I came:"
He pray'd in weakness; then with power
Cried, "Father! glorify thy name:"
"I have," a voice from heaven replied,
John xii. 28. "And still it shall be glorified."

PART II.

For Peter, bold in speech and brave — John xviii. 10.
In act, yet in temptation frail
(As once he proved him on the wave,) — Matt. xiv 31.
He pray'd lest his weak faith should fail; — Luke xxii 32.
And when by Satan's snare enthrall'd,
His eye the wanderer recall'd. — Luke xxii. 61.

Amidst his mournful family,
Who soon must see his face no more,
With what divine discourse did he
Strength to their fainting souls restore!
Then pray'd for all his people: — where
Have words recorded such a prayer? — John xvii.

Next, with strong cries and bitter tears, — Heb. v. 7.
Thrice hallow'd he that doleful ground,
Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
His sweat like blood-drops fell around,
And being in an agony,
He prayèd yet more earnestly. — Luke xxii. 44.

Here oft in spirit let me kneel,
Share in the speechless griefs I see,
And while *he* felt what I should feel,
Feel all his power of love to me,
Break my hard heart, and grace supply
For him who died for me to die.

Stretch'd on the ignominious tree
For those, whose hands had nail'd him there.
Who stood and mock'd his misery,
Luke xxiii. 34. He offer'd up his latest prayer;
Then with the voice of victory cried,
"'T is finish'd," bow'd his head and died.

Then all his prayers were answer'd; — all
The fruits of his soul's travail gain'd;
The cup of wormwood and of gall
Down to the dregs his lips had drain'd;
Accomplish'd was the eternal plan,
He tasted death for every man.

Now by the throne of GOD he stands,
Aloft the golden censer bears,
And offers, with high priestly hands,
Heb. vii. 25. Pure incense with his people's prayers:
Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
And says to each request, "'T is done."

THE CHRONICLE OF ANGELS.

The following Poem having been suggested by the perusal of a manuscript treatise on "The Holy Angels" by the Author's late highly esteemed friend, R. C. Brackenbury, of Raithby, is most respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Brackenbury.

PART I.

All that of angels God to man makes known,
Here by the light of his clear word is shown.
'T is Jacob's dream; — behold the ladder rise,
Resting on earth, but reaching to the skies,
Where faith the radiant hierarchies may trace
Abroad in nature, providence, and grace,
Descending and returning by that path,
On embassies of mercy or of wrath;
Here the stone-pillow and the desert-sod
Become the gate of heaven, the house of God;
— Put off thy shoes, approach with awe profound,
The place on which thou stand'st is holy ground.

Spirit made perfect, spirit of the just!
Thy hand which traced these leaves is fall'n to dust,
Yet, in the visions of eternity,
Things unconceiv'd by mortals thou canst see,
— Angels, as angels stand before the throne,
By thee are without veil or symbol known:

Oh! couldst thou add one brilliant page, and tell
What those pure beings are who never fell,
— Those first-born sons of GOD, ere time began,
Though elder, greater, not more loved than man,
Thrones, principalities, dominions, powers,
Cherub or seraph, midst empyreal bowers,
Who in themselves their Maker only see,
And live, and move, and dwell in Deity:
— But 't is forbidden; — earthly eye nor ear
Heaven's splendors may behold, heaven's secrets hear;
To flesh and blood that world to come is seal'd,
Or but in hieroglyphic shades reveal'd.

We follow thee, bless'd saint! our tongues, ere long,
May learn from thine the church-triumphant's song;
For well, I ween, thy minstrel soul of fire
Can compass all the notes of Raphael's lyre;
— That soul, which once, beneath the body's cloud,
Sang, like an unseen sky-lark, sweet and loud;
Louder and sweeter now thy raptures rise,
Where cloud nor sun are seen in purer skies.

But what of angels know we? — Search that book
On which the eyes of angels love to look,
Desiring, through its opening seals, to trace
The heights and depths of that transcendent grace,
Which from the Father's bosom sent the Son,
Himself the ransom for a world undone.

First, with the morning stars when nature sprang,
These sons of GOD for joy together sang;
Diviner wonders day by day explored,
Night after night with deeper awe adored;
Till, o'er his finish'd work, JEHOVAH placed
Man, with the stamp of his own image graced:
Even angels paused a moment then to gaze,
Ere burst from all their choirs such shouts of praise,
As not in heaven at their own birth were known,
Nor heard when Satan's host were overthrown.

When man lost Eden for his first offence,
The swords of cherubim expell'd him thence,
Those flaming signs of heaven with earth at strife
Turn'd every way to guard the tree of life.

Angels, thenceforth, who in GOD'S presence stand,
As ministering spirits, travel sea and land;
Onward or upward, rapt through air and sky,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven they fly;
Like rays diverging from the central sun,
Which through the darkness of creation run,
Enlightening moons and planets in their course,
And thence reflected seek their glorious source.

PART II.

When Abraham dwelt in Mamre angels spoke,
As friend to friend, with him beneath the oak:

With flocks and herds, with wealth and servants blest,
Of almost more than heart could wish possest,
One want the old man felt, an hopeless one!
Oh! what was all he had without a son?
Heaven's messengers brought tidings to his ear,
Which nature, dead in him, found hard to hear;
Which faith itself could scarce receive for joy,
But *he* believed, — and soon embraced a boy;
Nor, while the line of Adam shall extend,
Will faithful Abraham's promised issue end.

Hence, whén his lifted arm the death-stroke aim'd
At him, whom GOD mysteriously reclaim'd,
At him, whom GOD miraculously gave,
An angel cried from heaven the youth to save,
And he who found a son when he believed,
That son again as from the dead received.

When Hagar, woe-begone and desolate,
Alone, beside the desert fountain sate,
And o'er her unborn babe shed bitter tears,
The angel of the LORD allay'd her fears,
And pledg'd in fee to her unportion'd child
The lion's range o'er Araby the wild:
"Here have I look'd for Him whom none can see!"
She cried;—"and found, for thou, GOD, seest me!"
Again, when fainting in the wilderness,
An angel-watcher pitied her distress,
To Ishmael's lips a hidden well unsealed,
And the long wanderings of his race revealed,

Who still, as hunters, warriors, spoilers, roam,
Their steeds their riches, sands and sky their home.

Angels o'erthrew the cities of the plain,
With fire and brimstone in tempestuous rain,
And from the wrath which heartless sinners braved,
Lot, with the violence of mercy, saved;
Now where the region breathed with life before,
Stands a dead sea where life can breathe no more.

When Jacob, journeying with his feeble bands,
Trembled to fall into a brother's hands;
At twilight, lingering in the rear he saw,
GOD's host around his tents their 'campment draw:
— While, with a stranger, in mysterious strife,
Wrestling till break of day for more than life;
He pray'd, he wept, he cried in his distress,
"I will not let thee go except thou bless!"
Lame with a touch, he halted on his thigh,
Yet like a prince had power with GOD Most High.

Nine plagues in vain had smitten Pharoah's land
Ere the destroying angel stretch'd his hand,
Whose sword, wide flashing through Egyptian gloom,
Lighted and struck their first-born to the tomb;
Through all the realm a cry at midnight spread,
For not a house was found without *one* dead.

When Balaam, blinded by the lure of gold,
To curse whom GOD would bless, his heart had sold,

A wrathful angel, with high brandish'd blade,
Invisible to him, his progress stay'd,
Nor till with human voice, his own dumb ass
Rebuked the prophet's madness, let him pass.

When Joshua led the tribes o'er Jordan's flood,
The captain of GOD's host before him stood,
He fell, and own'd, adoring on his face,
A power whose presence sanctified the place.

When Deborah from beneath her palm-tree rose,
GOD into wóman's hands sold Israel's foes;
They fought from heaven, — 't was heaven deliverance wrought,
Stars in their courses against Sisera fought.

They sinn'd again, and fell beneath the yoke;
To Gideon then their guardian angel spoke;
Three hundred warriors chosen at the brook,
Pitchers for arms, with lamps and trumpets took;
They brake the vessels, raised the lights, and blew
A blast which Midian's startled hosts o'erthrew;
Foe fell on foe, and friend his friend assail'd;
— The sword of GOD and Gideon thus prevail'd.

When David's heart was lifted up with pride.
And more on multitudes than GOD relied,
Three days, an angel arm'd with pestilence,
Smote down the people for the king's offence;
Yet when his humbled soul for Israel pray'd,
Heaven heard his groaning, and the plague was stay'd;

He kneel'd between the living and the dead,
Even as the sword came down o'er Zion's head;
Then went the' Almighty's voice throughout the land,
"It is enough; avenger! rest thine hand."

Elijah, with his mantle, smote the flood,
And Jordan's hastening waves divided stood;
The fiery chariot, on the further shore,
Deathless to heaven the' ascending prophet bore:
"My father!" cried Elisha, as he flew;
"Lo! Israel's chariot and his horsemen too:"
Then with the mantle, as it dropp'd behind,
Came down a power, like mighty rushing wind,
And as he wrapt the trophy round his breast,
Elijah's spirit Elisha's soul possess'd.
— He, when the Syrian bands, as with a net
Of living links, close drawn, his home beset,
Pray'd, — and his trembling servant saw amazed,
How Dothan's mountain round the prophet blazed;
Chariots of fire and horses throng'd the air,
And more were for them than against them there.

When pale Jerusalem heard Sennacherib's boast,
How, in their march of death, his locust host
Swept field and forest, rivers turn'd aside,
Crush'd idols, and the living God defied,
— While fear within the walls sad vigils kept,
And the proud foe without securely slept,

At midnight, through the camp, as with a blast,
Hot from Arabian sands, an angel pass'd;
And when the city rose at dawn of day,
An army of dead men around it lay!

Down in the raging furnace, bound they fell,
Three Hebrew youths, — when, lo! a miracle;
At large, amidst the sevenfold flames they walk'd,
And, as in Eden, with an angel talk'd;
Up rose the king astonied and in haste;
"Three men," he cried, "into the fires we cast;
Four I behold, — and in the fourth, the mien
And semblance of the Son of GOD are seen."

While Daniel lay beneath the lion's paws,
An angel shut the death-gates of their jaws,
Which ere his headlong foes had reach'd the floor,
Crush'd all their bones, and revell'd in their gore.

Angels to prophets things to come reveal'd,
And things yet unfulfill'd in symbols seal'd,
When in deep visions of the night they lay,
And hail'd the dawn of that millennial day,
For which the church looks out with earnest eye,
And counts the moments as the hour draws nigh.

Thus angels oft to man's rebellious race
Were ministers of vengeance or of grace;
And in the fulness of the time decreed,
Glad heralds of the woman's promised seed.

PART III.

To Zacharias, with his spouse grown old,
John the forerunner's course an angel told;
Struck dumb for unbelief, the father's tongue
At the babe's birth for joy brake loose and sung.

To Mary, highly favor'd, Gabriel brought
An embassy of love transcending thought;
With fear and meekness, hearkening to his word,
"Behold," said she, "the handmaid of the LORD."

When Christ was born, that messenger once more
Good tidings to the Bethlehem shepherds bore;
When suddenly with him the' angelic throngs
Turn'd night to morning, earth to heaven with songs.

When Herod sought the young child's life, — by night,
An angel warn'd his foster-sire to flight;
But when the murderer's race of blood was run,
JEHOVAH out of Egypt call'd his Son.

When by the Spirit to the desert led,
Our Saviour had not where to lay his head;
With hunger, thirst, fatigue, and watching worn,
When he the tempter's dire assaults had borne,
Still with the written word his wiles repell'd,
Though long in that mysterious conflict held,

Till the foil'd fiend at length shrunk back with shame.
— Angels to minister unto him came.

In lone Gethsemane's most dolorous shade,
When in such agony of soul he pray'd,
That like great blood-drops falling to the ground
Burst the dark sweat from every pore around,
An angel, — from twelve legions marshall'd nigh,
Who waited but the signal of his eye, —
Cast o'er the Son of GOD his shadowing wing,
To strengthen him whom angels call their King.

Round the seal'd sepulchre where Jesus slept,
Angels their watch till the third morning kept;
They hail'd the earthquake, they beheld him rise,
Death's victim, now death's victor, to the skies.

While woman's faithful love the tomb survey'd
In which her hands his lifeless limbs had laid;
With lightning looks, and raiment snowy-white,
At whom as dead the guards fell down in fright,
A mighty angel, — he who roll'd the stone
From the cave's mouth, — the LORD'S uprise made known.

Angels, to his disciples, while they saw
Their glorious Master in a cloud withdraw,
Ascend and vanish through the' expanding skies,
And follow'd him with failing hearts and eyes,
Foretold his second advent, in that day
When heaven and earth themselves shall pass away.

Angels unseen, as ministering spirits went,
When forth the chosen witnesses were sent,
With power from high to preach, where'er they trod,
The glorious gospel of the blessed GOD.
Angels made straight their paths o'er land and sea,
Threw wide their prison-doors and let them free,
Smote slaughter-breathing Herod on his throne,
Led Philip where the Eunuch sat alone,
Taught meek Cornelius, from what lips his ear
Might "words whereby he must be saved" hear;
And stood by fearless Paul, when, tempest-driven,
The whole ship's company to him were given.

Good angels still conduct, from age to age,
Salvation's heirs, on nature's pilgrimage;
Cherubic swords, no longer signs of strife,
Now point the way, and keep the tree of life;
Seraphic hands, with coals of living fire,
The lips of GOD's true messengers inspire;
Angels, who see their heavenly Father's face,
Watch o'er his little ones with special grace;
Still o'er repenting sinners they rejoice,
And blend their myriad voices as one voice.

Angels, with healing virtue in their wings,
Trouble dead pools, unsluice earth's bosom-springs,
Till fresh as new-born life the waters roll;
Lepers and lame step in and are made whole.

Angels, the saints from noon-day perils keep,
And pitch their tents around them while they sleep;

Uphold them when they seem to walk alone,
Nor let them dash their foot against a stone;
They teach the dumb to speak, the blind to see,
Comfort the dying in their agony,
And to the rest of Paradise convey
Spirits enfranchised from the crumbling clay.

Strong angels, arm'd by righteous Providence,
Judgments on guilty nations still dispense,
Pour out their full-charged vials of despair
And death, o'er sun, and sea, and earth, and air;
Or sound their trumpets, while at every blast,
Plague follows plague, woe treads on woe gone past.

Bright angels, through mid-heaven shall hold their flight
Till all that sit in darkness see the light,
Still the good tidings of great joy proclaim,
Till every tongue confess a Saviour's name.

The' archangel's voice, the trump of GOD, the cry
Of startled nature, rending earth and sky,
Shall change the living, raise the dead, and bring
All nations to the presence of their King,
Whose flaming ministers, on either hand,
Ten thousand times ten thousand angels stand,
To witness time's full roll for ever seal'd,
And that eternity to come reveal'd,
— That era in the reign of Deity,
When sin, the curse, and death no more can be.

Angels who fell not, men who fell restored,
Shall then rejoice in glory with the LORD:
— Hearts, harps, and voices, in one choir shall raise
The new, the old, the' eternal songs of praise.

May ye who read, with him who wrote this strain,
Join in that song, and worship in that train!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A MESSAGE FROM THE MOON:

A THOUGHT AT EXETER, DURING THE GREAT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, MAY 15, 1836.

THE evening star peep'd forth at noon,
To learn what ail'd the sun, her sire,
When, lo! the intervening moon
Plunged her black shadow through his fire,
Of ray by ray his orb bereft,
Till but one slender curve was left,
And that seem'd trembling to expire.

The sickening atmosphere grew dim,
A faint, chill breeze crept over all;
As in a swoon, when objects swim
Away from sight, — a thickening pall
Of horror, boding worse to come,
That struck both field and city dumb,
O'er man and brute was felt to fall.

"Avaunt, insatiate fiend!" I cry, —
"Like vampire stealing from its grave
To drain some sleeper's life-springs dry,
Back to thine interlunar cave;
Ere the last glimpse of fountain-light,
Absorpt by thee, bring on a night
From which nor moon nor morn can save."

While yet I spake, that single beam
(Bent like Apollo's bow half-strung)
Broaden'd and brighten'd; — gleam o'er gleam,
Splendors that out of darkness sprung,
The sun's unveiling disk o'erflow'd,
Till forth in all his strength he rode,
For ever beautiful and young.

Reviving Nature own'd his power;
And joy and mirth with light and heat,
Music and fragrance, hail'd the hour,
When his deliverance was complete;
Aloft again the swallow flew,
The cock, at second day-break crew;
When suddenly a voice most sweet; —

A voice, as from the ethereal sphere,
Of one unseen yet passing by,
Came with such rapture on mine ear,
My soul sprang up into my eye,
But nought around could I behold,
No "mortal mixture of earth's mould,"
Breathed that enchanting harmony.

"How have I wrong'd thee, angry bard!
What evil to your world have done?
That I, the moon, should be debarr'd
From free communion with the sun?
If, while I turn'd on him my face,
Yours was o'ercast a little space,
Already are amends begun.

"The lustre I have gather'd now,
Not to myself I will confine;
Night after night, my crescent brow,
My full and waning globe shall shine
On yours, — till every spark is spent,
Which *for us both* to *me* was lent;
— Thus I fulfil the law divine.

"A nobler sun on thee hath shone,
On thee bestow'd benigner light;
Walk in that light, but not alone,
Like me to darkling eyes give sight:
This is the way GOD'S gifts to use,
First to enjoy them, then diffuse,
— Learn from the moon that lesson right."

EMBLEMS.

An evening cloud, in brief suspense,
Was hither driven and thither,
It came I saw not whence,
It went, I knew not whither;
I watch'd it changing, in the wind,
Size, semblance, form, and hue,
Lessening and fading, till behind
It left no speck on heaven's pure blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night
Shone a new star supremely bright;
With marvelling eye, well pleased to err,
I hail'd that prodigy; — anon,
It fell, — it fell like Lucifer,
A flash, — a blaze, — a train, — 't was gone;
And then I sought in vain its place,
Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-Drops, at day-spring, deck'd a line
Of gossamer so frail, so fine,
A gnat's wing shook it: — round and clear
As if by fairy-fingers strung,
Like orient pearls at beauty's ear,
In trembling brilliancy they hung
Upon a rosy brier, whose bloom
Shed nectar round them, and perfume.

Ere long exhaled in limpid air,
Some mingled with the breath of morn,
While some slid singly, here and there,
Like tears by their own weight down borne,
At length the film itself collapsed, and where
The pageant glitter'd, lo! a naked thorn.

What are the living? — hark! a sound
From grave and cradle crying,
By earth and ocean echoed round,
— "*The living are the dying!*"

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's scene of pilgrimage?
The passage to death's portal!
The moment we begin to be,
We enter on the agony,
— The *dead* are the immortal;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
Dew-drops on gossamer, all are:
What can the state beyond us be?
Life? — Death? — Ah! no, — a greater mystery;
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen;
Perfect existence from a point begun;
Part of what GOD's eternity hath been, —
Whole immortality belongs to none,
But Him, the First, the Last, the *Only One*.

CORONATION ODE

FOR

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The sceptre in a maiden-hand,
The reign of beauty and of youth,
Should wake to gladness all the land,
Where love is loyalty and truth:
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Hearts and hands we offer Thee.

Not by the tyrant law of might,
But by the grace of God we own,
And by the people's voice, thy right
To sit upon thy Father's throne:
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Heaven defend and prosper Thee.

Thee isles and continents obey;
Kindreds and nations nigh and far,
Behold the bound-marks of thy sway,
— The morning and the evening star:
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Millions rest their hopes on Thee.

No slave within thine empire breathe!
Before thy steps oppression fly!
The lamb and lion play beneath
The meek dominion of thine eye!
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Bonds and shackles yield to Thee.

Still spreading influence more benign,
Light to thy realms of darkness send,
Till none shall name a God but thine,
None at an idol altar bend:
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
Till all tongues shall pray for Thee.

At home, abroad, by sea, on shore,
Blessings to thee and thine increase;
The sword and cannon rage no more,
The whole world hail thee Queen of Peace:
Rule, Victoria, rule the free,
And the' Almighty rule o'er Thee.

1838.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF JUNE, 1838.

TO THE QUEEN.

THE orb and sceptre in thy hands they placed,
On thine anointed head a crown of gold;
A purple robe thy virgin form embraced;
Enthroned thou wert, all-glorious to behold:
Before thee lay the Book of God unroll'd;
Thy tongue pronounced, thy pen the covenant traced,
Which men and angels witness'd; — young and old,
Peers, princes, statesmen, birth and beauty graced
That scene of tombs and trophies. —

All is fled;
Like life itself, the living pass'd away,
And none that met remain'd there but the dead!
— Thence to thy closet didst thou not retreat,
In secret to thy heavenly Father pray,
And cast thyself and kingdom at his feet?

A BRIDAL BENISON.

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIENDS MR. AND MRS. B.

Ocean and land the globe divide,
Summer and winter share the year,
Darkness and light walk side by side,
And earth and heaven are always near.

Though each be good and fair alone,
And glorious, in its time and place,
In all when fitly pair'd, is shown
More of their Maker's power and grace.

Then may the union of young hearts,
So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
Appear as twain, but be as one.

Be it like summer; may they find
Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam;
Be it like winter, when confined,
Peace, comfort, happiness at home.

Like day and night, — sweet interchange
Of care, enjoyment, action, rest;
Absence nor coldness e'er estrange
Hearts by unfailing love possest.

Like earth's horizon, be their scene
  Of life a rich and various ground,
And, whether lowering or serene,
  Heaven all above it and around.

When land and ocean, day and night,
  When time and nature cease to be;
Let their inheritance be light,
  Their union an eternity.

1820.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Those who are apt to awake early on spring mornings in rural neighborhoods, must often have been charmed with the solitary song of the Blackbird, when all beside is still, and the Lark himself is yet on the ground. — At evening, too, his broad and homely strain, different from that of every other, and chiming in at intervals with the universal chorus of wild throats, is known from infancy by all who have been accustomed to walk abroad in the hour of twilight. — The yellow bill and glossy plumage of the same conspicuous bird, when he flits from hedge to tree, or across a meadow, are equally familiar to the eye of such, nor less to their ear is the chuckling note with which he bolts out of a bush before the startled passenger, who has unconsciously disturbed him from his perch.

MORNING.

Golden bill! Golden bill!
  Lo, the peep of day;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill,
  Chant away:
While the moon drops down the west,
Like thy mate upon her nest,
And the stars before the sun,
Melt like snow-flakes, one by one;
Let thy loud and welcome lay
Pour along
Few notes but strong.

EVENING.

Jet-bright wing! jet-bright wing!
  Flit across the sunset glade;
Lying there in wait to sing —
Listen with thy head awry,
Keeping time with twinkling eye,
  While from all the woodland shade,
Birds of every plume and note
Strain the throat,
Till both hill and valley ring,
And the warbled minstrelsy,
Ebbing, flowing like the sea,
Claims brief interludes from thee:
Then, with simple swell and fall,
Breaking beautiful through all,
Let thy Pan-like pipe repeat,
Few notes but sweet.

Askern, near Doncaster, 1835.

THE MYRTLE.

Dark-green and gemm'd with flowers of snow,
With close uncrowded branches spread,
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
A graceful myrtle rear'd its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf,
Seem'd, in my contemplative mood,
Like silent joy, or patient grief,
The symbol of pure gratitude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree!
— Then pluck'd a sprig, and while I mused,
With idle hands, unconsciously,
The delicate, small foliage bruised.

Odors, at my rude touch set free,
Escaped from all their secret cells;
Quick life, I cried, is thine, fair tree!
In thee a soul of fragrance dwells: —

Which outrage, wrongs, nor wounds destroy,
But wake its sweetness from repose;
Ah! could I thus heaven's gifts employ,
Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose.

In health, with unpretending grace,
In wealth, with meekness and with fear,
Through every season wear one face,
And be in truth what I appear.

Then should affliction's chastening rod
Bruise my frail frame, or break my heart,
Life, a sweet sacrifice to GOD,
Out-breathed like incense would depart.

The Captain of Salvation thus,
When like a Lamb to slaughter led,
Was, by the Father's will, for us,
Himself through suffering purified.

1837.

DALE ABBEY.

A solitary arch in the middle of an open meadow, on a small oratory more ancient than the monastery itself, now the chapel of ease for the hamlet, are alone conspicuous of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles south east from Derby.

I.

THE glory hath departed from thee, Dale!
Thy gorgeous pageant of monastic pride,
— A power, that once the power of kings defied,
Which truth and reason might in vain assail,
In mock humility usurp'd this vale,
And lorded o'er the region far and wide;
Darkness to light, evil to good allied,
Had wrought a charm, which made all hearts to quail.

What gave that power dominion on this ground,
Age after age? — the Word of God was bound! —
At length the mighty captive burst from thrall,
O'erturn'd the spiritual bastile in its march,
And left of ancient grandeur this sole arch,
Whose stones cry out, — "Thus Babylon herself shall fall."

II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,
Methinks this frail, yet firm memorial stands,
The work of heads laid low, and buried hands:
— Now slowly mouldering to the touch of time,
It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,
Where sky above and earth beneath expands:
— And yet a nobler relic still demands
The grateful homage of a passing rhyme.

Beneath the cliff yon humble roof behold!
Poor as our Saviour's birthplace; yet a fold,
Where the good shepherd, in this quiet vale,
Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,
With bread from heaven: — I change my note; —
all hail!
The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale! *

1830.

* This ancient oratory is supposed to have stood between 700 and 800 years. It was built by a person who had previously dwelt as a hermit in a cave which he had hewed in the rock adjacent, where he submitted to great hardships and privations. He was a native of Derby, and believed it was the will of heaven, that he should leave his home and friends and live in solitude. The Abbey was founded in 1204, near the spot where this holy man had thus lived and died. After being successively occupied by monks of various orders, it was broken up in 1539. The buildings occupied a large space of ground; but beside the arch and chapel nothing more than a few fragments of walls and foundations can be traced.

THE WILD PINK.

ON THE WALL OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

(*Dianthus Cheirophyllus.*)

On seeing a solitary specimen near the Great Archway, and being told that the plant was not to be found elsewhere in the neighborhood.

THE hand that gives the angels wings,
And plants the forest by its power,
O'er mountain, vale, and champaign flings
The seed of every herb and flower;
Nor forests stand, nor angels fly,
More at GOD'S will, more in his eye,
Than the green blade strikes down its root,
Expands its bloom, and yields its fruit.

Beautiful daughter of a line
Of unrecorded ancestry!
What herald's scroll could vie with thine,
Where monarchs trace their pedigree?
Thy first progenitor had birth,
While man was yet unquicken'd earth,
And thy last progeny may wave
Its flag o'er man's last-open'd grave.

Down from the day of Eden lost,
A generation in a year,
Unscathed by heat, unnipt by frost,
True to the sovereign sun, appear
The units of thy transient race,
Each in its turn, each in its place,
To make the world a little while
Lovelier and sweeter with its smile.

How camest thou hither? from what soil,
Where those that went before thee grew,
Exempt from suffering, care, and toil,
Clad by the sun-beams, fed with dew?
Tell me on what strange spot of ground,
Thy rock-born kindred yet are found,
And I the carrier-dove will be
To bring them wondrous news of thee.

How, here, by wren or red-breast dropt,
Thy parent-germ was left behind,
Or, in its trackless voyage stopt,
While sailing on the' autumnal wind,
Not rudely wreckt, but safely thrown
On yonder ledge of quarried stone,
Where the blithe swallow builds and sings,
And the pert sparrow pecks his wings.

Then, by some glimpse of moonshine sped,
Queen Mab, methinks, alighting there,
A span-long, hand-breadth terrace spread,
A fairy-garden hung in air,

Of lichens, moss, and earthy mould,
To rival Babylon's of old,
In which that single seed she nurst,
Till forth its embryo-wilding burst.

Now, like that solitary star,
Last in the morn's resplendent crown,
Or first emerging, faint and far,
When evening glooms the sky embrown,
Thy beauty shines without defence,
Yet safe from gentle violence,
While infant-hands and maiden-eyes
Covet in vain the tempting prize.

Yon arch, beneath whose giant-span,
Thousands of passing feet have trod
Upon the dust that once was man,
Gather'd around the house of GOD,
— That arch which seems to mock decay,
Fix'd as the firmament to-day,
Is fading like the rainbow's form,
Through the slow stress of time's long storm.

But thou may'st boast perennial prime;
— The blade, the stem, the bud, the flower,
Not ruin'd but renew'd by time,
Beyond the great destroyer's power,
Like day and night, like spring and fall,
Alternate, on the abbey-wall,
May come and go, from year to year,
And vanish but to reappear.

Nay, when in utter wreck are strown
  Arch, buttress, all this mighty mass,
Crumbled, and crush'd, and overgrown,
  With thorns and thistles, reeds and grass,
While Nature *thus* the waste repairs,
Thine offspring, Nature's endless heirs,
Earth's ravaged fields may repossess,
And plant once more the wilderness.

So be it: — but the sun is set,
  My song must end, and I depart;
Yet thee I never will forget,
  But bear thee in my inmost heart,
Where this shall thy memorial be,
— If God so cares for thine and thee,
How can I doubt that love divine,
Which watches over me and mine?

1838.

PARTING WORDS.

"And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh."
Genesis xxxii. 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If ye love me, let me go.

We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard — 'tis hard to part.
Yet we must: — "*Farewell!*" to you;
Answer, one and all, "*Adieu!*"

'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight;

Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? — Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither, — come and see.

1837.

IN BEREAVEMENT.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes;
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies,
One sun is set — a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there:
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume.

1836.

A DEATH-BED.

"So giveth He his beloved sleep." — *Psalm* cxxvii. 2.

Her path was like the shining light,
  Clear, calm, progressive, perfect day;
At even-tide came sudden night,
  Thick darkness fell on all her way,
Amazed, alarm'd, she quail'd with dread,
And cried — "The Comforter is fled!"

It was the tempter's vantage-hour;
  Eager and flush'd with hope was he;
He knew the limit of his power,
  And struggled hard for victory;
A deathless soul, at life's last gasp,
Seem'd but a hair's breath from his grasp.

The dire deceiver was deceived,
  That soul was in a faithful hand,
Even his, in whom her heart believed;
  Satan before Him could not stand,
But fell like lightning to the deep,
— So gave He his beloved sleep.

1837.

ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

1 Kings xix.

Thus pray'd the prophet in the wilderness;
"God of my fathers! look on my distress;
My days are spent in vanity and strife,
O that the Lord would please to take my life!
Beneath the clods through this lone valley spread,
Fain would I join the generations dead!"

Heaven deign'd no answer to that murmuring prayer,
Silence that thrill'd the blood alone was there;
Down sunk his weary limbs, slow heaved his breath,
And sleep fell on him with a weight like death;
Dreams, raised by evil spirits, hover'd near,
Throng'd with strange thoughts, and images of fear:
The' abominations of the Gentiles came;—
Detested Chemosh, Moloch clad with flame,
Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with moony crest,
And Baäl, sunlike, high above the rest,
Glared on him, gnash'd their teeth, then sped away,
Like ravening vultures to their carrion-prey,
Where every grove grew darker with their rites,
And blood ran reeking down the mountain-heights

But to the living GOD, throughout the land,
He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand;
Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's hill,
Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still:
The prophet drew one deep desponding groan,
And his heart died within him, like a stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement broke,
"Arise and eat, Elijah!" — He awoke,
And found a table in the desert spread,
With water in the cruise beside his head;
He blessed the LORD, who turn'd away his prayer,
And feasted on the heaven-provided fare;
Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses stole,
And sunk like life new-breathed into his soul.
A dream brought David's city on his sight,
— Shepherds were watching o'er their flocks by night;
Around them uncreated splendor blazed,
And heavenly hosts their hallelujahs raised;
A theme unknown since sin to death gave birth,
"Glory to GOD! good will and peace on earth!"
They sang; his heart responded to the strain,
Though memory sought to keep the words in vain:
The vision changed; — amid the gloom serene,
One star above all other stars was seen,
It had a light, a motion, of its own,
And o'er a humble shed in Bethlehem shone;
He look'd, and, lo! an infant newly born,
That seem'd cast out to poverty and scorn,

Yet Gentile kings its advent came to greet,
Worshipp'd, and laid their treasure at its feet.
Musing what this mysterious babe might be,
He saw a sufferer stretch'd upon a tree;
Yet while the victim died, by men abhorr'd,
Creation's agonies confess'd him LORD.
Again the angel smote the slumberer's side;
"Arise and eat, the way is long and wide."
He rose and ate, and with unfainting force,
Through forty days and nights upheld his course.
Horeb, the mount of GOD, he reach'd, and lay
Within a cavern, till the cool of day.
"What dost thou here, Elijah?" — Like the tide,
Brake that deep voice through silence. He replied,
"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
LORD GOD of hosts! for men make void thy laws;
Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
Thy prophets, — I, and I alone remain;
My life with reckless vengeance they pursue,
And what can I against a nation do?"

"Stand on the mount before the Lord, and know,
That wrath or mercy at my will I show."
Anon the power that holds the winds let fly
Their devastating armies through the sky;
Then shook the wilderness, the rocks were rent,
As when JEHOVAH bow'd the firmament,
And trembling Israel, while he gave the law,
Beheld his symbols, but no image saw.
The storm retired, nor left a trace behind;
The LORD pass'd by; He came not with the wind.

Beneath the prophet's feet, the shuddering ground
Clave, and disclosed a precipice profound,
Like that which open'd to the gates of hell,
When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell;
Again the Lord pass'd by, but unreveal'd;
He came not with the earthquake, — all was seal'd.

A new amazement! vale and mountain turn'd
Red as the battle-field with blood, then burn'd
Up to the stars, as terrible a flame
As shall devour this univeral frame;
Elijah watch'd it kindle, spread, expire;
The LORD pass'd by; He came not with the fire.

A still small whisper breathed upon his ear;
He wrapt his mantle round his face with fear;
Darkness that might be felt involved him, — dumb
With expectation of a voice to come,
He stood upon the threshold of the cave,
As one long dead, just risen from the grave,
In the last judgment. — Came the voice and cried,
"What dost thou here, Elijah?" — He replied,
"I have been very jealous for thy cause,
LORD GOD of hosts! for men make void thy laws;
Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
Thy prophets, — I, and I alone remain;
My life with ruthless violence they pursue,
And what can I against a nation do?"

"My day of vengeance is at hand: the year
Of my redeem'd shall suddenly appear:

Go Thou, — anoint two kings, — and in thy place,
A prophet to stand up before my face:
Then he who 'scapes the Syrian's sword, shall fall
By his whom to Samaria's throne I call;
And he who 'scapes from Jehu, in that day,
Him shall the judgment of Elisha slay.
Yet hath a remnant been preserved by me,
Seven thousand souls who never bow'd the knee
To Baäl's image, nor have kiss'd his shrine;
These are my jewels, and they shall be mine,
When to the world my righteousness is shown,
And, root and branch, idolatry o'erthrown.

So be it, God of truth! yet why delay?
With Thee a thousand years are as one day;
O crown thy people's hopes, dispel their fears!
And be to-day with Thee a thousand years!
Cut short the evil, bring the blessed time,
Avenge thine own elect, from clime to clime;
Let not an idol in thy path be spared,
All share the fate which Baäl long hath shared;
Nor let seven thousand only worship Thee;
Make every tongue confess, bow every knee;
Now o'er the promised kingdoms reign thy Son,
One Lord through all the earth, — his name be one!
Hast Thou not spoken? shall it not be done?

1824.

TRANSMIGRATIONS.

A HAIL-STONE, from the cloud set free,
Shot, slanting coastward, o'er the sea,
And thus, as eastern tales relate,
Lamented its untimely fate:
"*Last* moment born, condemn'd in *this*,
The *next* absorpt in yon abyss;
'T were better ne'er to know the light,
Than see and perish at first sight."
— An oyster heard, and as it fell,
Welcomed the outcast to her shell,
Where meekly suffering that "sea-change,"
It grew to "something rich and strange,"
And thence became the brightest gem
That decks the Sultan's diadem,
Turn'd from a particle of ice
Into a pearl of priceless price.
— Thus can the Power that rules o'er all
Exalt the humble by their fall.

A dew-drop, in the flush of morn,
Sparkled upon a blossom'd thorn,
Reflecting from its mirror pure
The sun himself in miniature.
Dancing for gladness on the spray,
It miss'd its hold, and slid away.

A lark, just mounting up to sing,
Caught the frail trembler on his wing,
But, borne aloft through gathering clouds,
Left it entangled with their shrouds:
Lost and for ever lost, it seem'd,
When suddenly the sun forth gleam'd,
And round the showery vapors threw
A rainbow, — where our drop of dew
'Midst the prismatic hues of heaven
Outshown the beams of all the seven.
When virtue falls 't is not to die,
But be translated to the sky.

A babe into existence came,
A feeble, helpless, suffering frame;
It breathed on earth a little while,
Then vanish'd, like a tear, a smile,
That springs and falls, — that peers and parts,
The grief, the joy of loving hearts;
The grave received the body dead
Where all that live must find their bed.
Sank then the soul to dust and gloom,
Worms and corruption in the tomb?
No, — 'midst the rainbow round the throne,
Caught up to Paradise, it shone,
And yet shall shine, until the day
When heaven and earth must pass away,
And those that sleep in Jesus here,
With Him in glory shall appear.
Then shall that soul and body meet;
And when his jewels are complete,

'Midst countless millions, form a gem
In the Redeemer's diadem,
Wherewith as thorns his brows once bound,
He for his sufferings shall be crown'd;
Raised from the ignominious tree
To the right-hand of Majesty,
Head over all created things,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.

1839.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GABRIELLO FIAMMA.

ON THE SEPULTURE OF CHRIST.

Where is the aspect more than heaven serene,
Which saints and angels view'd with pure delight?
The meekness and the majesty of mien,
That won the yielding heart with gentle might?

Where is the voice with harmony replete,
That changed to love the most obdurate will?
The eye, whose glance so ravishingly sweet,
The soul with joy unspeakable could fill?

Where is the hand that crush'd our direst foe,
And Satan's powers in chains of darkness bound?
Where is the servant's humble form below,
In which the eternal Son of God was found?

— Lo! where his pilgrimage of mercy ends:
What glory here into the grave descends!

1821.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVAMBATTISTA ZAPPI.

ON JUDITH RETURNING TO BETHULIA WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES IN HER HAND.

She held the head all-horrible with gore ;
Nor of the woman in that act was seen
Aught save the' alluring locks and beauteous mien :
"Hail, heroine, hail!" all voices cried before.

At the glad news, the damsels came with speed ;
Some kiss'd her feet and some her garment's hem,
None her right-hand, for terrible to them
Was the remembrance of that fatal deed.

A hundred prophets sang the matron's fame ;
"Fly round the world, thine everlasting name!
The sun through all his march shall tell thy story."
Great from that dread achievement though she rose,
Greater she stood at this triumphant close,
For she was humble in the height of glory.

1825.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF EUSTACHIO MANFREDI.

FOR A NUN, ON TAKING THE VEIL.

As when a lion, mad with hunger, springs
To seize the unguarded shepherd by surprise,
Fear in a moment lends the victim wings;
To some broad elm or ancient oak he flies,
Climbs for his life, amidst the branches cowers,
And sees the' infuriate brute, with ramping paws,
Leap at the trunk, and wearying all his powers,
Spurn the loose sand, and grind his foaming jaws.

So she, whom hell's fierce lion mark'd for prey,
Flies to the tree of life's extended arms,
The cross of Calvary, — which, night and day,
Yields shade, and rest, and refuge from alarms;
Whence she beholds the baffled fiend again,
Gnashing his teeth slink back to his old den.

The author of the foregoing sonnet, an Italian poet of great eminence, died in 1739. The coincidence between the imagined peril and rescue of the shepherd in the poem, and the real danger and deliverance of the herdsman in the following authenticated story, is very remarkable. The fact occurred towards the close of the last century, more than fifty years after Manfredi's decease. It was first related in England in

the journal of some African traveller; but I had its authenticity confirmed to myself by a Wesleyan missionary, several of whose converts had been personally acquainted with the man who was thus beset, and yet escaped from the paw of the lion: — A native of Namaqua-land, in the service of a Dutch farmer, who resided about 240 miles north of the Cape of Good Hope, one day attempting to drive his master's cattle into a pond, situated between two ridges of rock, and finding them strangely reluctant, instead of eager as they were wont to be, to approach and quench their thirst, looked about to discover the cause, when he espied a huge lion luxuriating in the midst of the water. He instantly took to his heels, and had sufficient presence of mind to run through the herd, which were now scattering in all directions. The lion, however, marked and followed him, without falling upon any of the animals. The Hottentot finding himself thus unexpectedly singled out, scrambled up a tree, in the trunk of which some steps had been notched, to come at the birds' nests among the branches. These belonged to a species of the genus *Loxia*, which live in society, and build a whole commonwealth of nests in one cluster, sometimes as much as ten feet in diameter, under a general penthouse or covering, and occupied by several hundred birds. Behind one of these clumps the fugitive concealed himself. At the instant of his ascending, his ferocious pursuer had made a spring at him, but missing his aim, he stalked in sullen silence round the tree, casting at times a terrific look towards the poor fellow, who had crept and coiled himself up into the smallest compass in the rear of the nests. After remaining a considerable time quiet and motionless, and hearing no longer at intervals the growl and the step of the monster, he ventured to put forth his head from his hiding-place, hoping that his besieger had decamped; but to his horror and amazement, his eyes met those of the lion, steadfastly looking upwards, and as he declared, flashing fire at the recovered sight of him. The beast then lay down at the foot of the tree, where he continued without stirring from the spot for twenty-four hours; when, being parched with thirst, he bounded off to a spring at some distance. The blockade was no sooner raised than the Hottentot seized the opportunity, nimbly

descended, and fled homewards as fast as his feet could carry him. There, though about a mile off, he safely arrived. It afterwards appeared that the lion had returned to the tree, and missing his prey there, "*like a staunch murderer steady to his purpose*," had hunted him by the scent, or the track of his feet in the sand, to within three hundred yards of his door, and then, as the sonnet says, "*gnashing his teeth slunk back to his old den.*"

It can hardly escape the notice of any intelligent reader how far, in this case, *fact transcends fiction;* and how much more of characteristic majesty and overpowering terror there is in the patient watching of the real lion under the tree, than in the impotent rage of the imaginary one rending the bark with his claws, and spurning the sand with his feet, to no purpose. Nature and truth must always exceed fancy and fable, where the creations of the latter are not founded upon actual knowledge of the former. Here the conception of the poet is great and his picture fine; but the stern reality is greater, and the live spectacle finer, beyond comparison.

SONNET.

From Petrarch, in which the Poet laments the death of his friend *Signore Stefano Colonna*, occurring soon after that of *Laura*. In the original there is a symbolical allusion to the names of both,— the one as a *Column*, the other as a *Laurel*.

FALL'N is the lofty *Column*, and uptorn
The verdánt *Laurel*, in whose shade my mind
Found peace I ne'er again may hope to find,
Though round the heavens o'er earth and ocean borne:
— O Death! how hast thou me of comfort shorn!
My double treasure to the grave consign'd,
Which made life sweet! — and wealth with power combin'd,
Can ne'er restore to soothe my thought forlorn.

What can I do, if fate have so decreed,
But let my sorrowing heart in secret bleed,
My brow be sad, mine eyes o'erflow with tears?
— O Life! so beautiful to look upon,
How, in a moment's space, for ever gone
Is all we toil to gain through many years!

MORNA.

Macpherson's Ossian has had many admirers; and it cannot be denied, that the compositions attributed to the son of Fingal abound with striking imagery, heroic sentiment, and hardy expression, the effect of which, on young minds especially, may be highly exhilarating for a while. But, independent of the obscurity, sameness, and repetition, which were probably characteristic of the originals — whatever those originals may have been — the translation is "done into English" in such a "Babylonish dialect," that it might be presumed, no ear accustomed to the melody of pure prose or the freedom of eloquent verse, could endure the incongruities of a style, in which broken verse of various measures, and halting prose of almost unmanageable cadences, compound sentences as difficult to read and as dissonant to hear, as a strain of music would be in execution and effect, if every bar were set to a different time and in a different key. If for such wild works of imagination a corresponding diction be desirable a style *between* prose and verse, not a heterogeneous jumbling of both, might perhaps be invented. For this we must have a poetical foundation with a prose superstructure; the former, that the vehicle of thought may admit of florid embellishment; the latter, that full license may be obtained of accommodating, by expansion or contraction, the scope of the ideas, unincumbered with rhyme, and unrestricted by infrangible metrical trammels.

The episode of Morna is, perhaps, the most truly beautiful and pathetic, as well as simple and intelligible, narrative among these rhapsodical productions. In the following experiment, which is submitted to the curious, the anapæstic foot is adopted as the groundwork, because cadences of that measure have peculiar fluency. There is some difficulty, indeed, to the reader, in hitting the right accents at all times, from the great laxity of our language in that respect, and the carelessness of writers; yet as this movement admits of the utmost variety of subdivisions, and the lines may be lengthened or shortened, according to the burden of the matter of each, it is well suited to a mode of composition, which would blend the harmony of song with the freedom of discourse, if such union were compatible. This, to some extent, has been proved practicable in many passages of several English translations of the Psalms and the Prophecies, of which a very

perfect specimen may be found in *the first seven verses of the ninety-fifth Psalm, according to the Common Prayer-Book rendering.* When read with simplicity, and the due accent laid upon the *long* syllables, nothing perhaps in human speech can be quoted more delicately implicated than the clauses, or more melodious than the sequence of plain Saxon sounds that compose the diction, while the variety of cadence and the change of cesura in every turn of the thought is not less admirable. The strain passes into entirely another key from the eighth verse inclusive to the end, the theme in fact suggesting a correspondent change to the minstrel's hand, when he drops the hortatory preamble, and proceeds to the historical argument, or rather, when he gives way abruptly at the sound of the very voice to which he is calling upon his hearers to hearken; while JEHOVAH himself from between the cherubim (for the scene is in the temple) speaks out, "Harden not your hearts, as in the provocation * * * * when your fathers tempted *me*, proved *me*, and saw *my* works," etc. to the fearful close of the psalm.

The following attempt to tame what has been called "prose run mad," into what may easily be designated by a phrase not less opprobrious, is made upon a principle more strictly rhythmical than the measured style of our vernacular translations of Scripture poetry; and in behalf of it a claim to be received with indulgence by the admirers of Gaelic legends may be fairly preferred, since the offence, if it be one, against good taste is not likely to be imitated, nor will the original culprit soon be induced to repeat it, being himself of opinion, that though a few pages got up in this manner may not be unpleasing, a volume would be intolerable.

It may be necessary to add, that this experiment on the tale of Morna has not been made from Macpherson, but from a version of Fingal, of which a few copies only were printed at Edinburgh some years ago, for private circulation. Whether the work has ever been further published, the present writer knows not; but it appeared to him, on the hasty perusal of a lent copy, preferable to the old one.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cathbat and Morna are lovers. Duchômar, the rival of Cathbat, having slain the latter in the chase, meets Morna, tells her what he has done, and woos her for himself. In the course of the interview they fall by each other's hands, and die together. — The story is supposed to be related to Cuchullin, general of the tribes of Erin, who, at the conclusion, laments the premature loss of the two valiant warriors, and the death of the maiden.

Cathbat fell by the sword of Duchômar,
At the oak of the loud rolling stream;
Duchômar came to the cave of the forest,
And spake to the gentle maid.

"Morna! fairest of women!
Beautiful daughter of high-born Cormac!
Wherefore alone in the circle of stones,
Alone at the cave of the mountain?
The old oak sounds in the wind
That ruffles the distant lake;
Black clouds engirdle the gloomy horizon;
But thou art like snow on the heath;
Thy ringlets resemble the light mist of Cromla,
When it winds round the sides of the hill,
In the beams of the evening sun."

"Whence comest thou, sternest of men?"
Said the maid of the graceful locks;
"Evermore dark was thy brow;
Now red is thine eye, and ferocious;
Doth Swaram appear on the sea?
What tidings from Lochlin?"

"No tidings from Lochlin, O Morna!
I come from the mountains;
I come from the chase of the fleet-footed hind
Three red deer have fallen by my arrows:

One fell for thee, fair daughter of Cormac!
As my soul do I love thee, white-handed maiden!
Queen of the hearts of men!"

"Duchômar!" the maiden replied,
"None of my love is for thee:
Dark is thine eyebrow, thy bosom is darker,
And hard as the rock is thine heart:
But, thou, the dear offspring of Armin,
Cathbat! art Morna's love.
Bright as the sunbeams thy beautiful locks,
When the mist of the valley is climbing the mountain:—
Saw'st thou the chief, the young hero,
Cathbat the brave, in thy course on the hill?
The daughter of Cormac the mighty
Tarries to welcome her love from the field."

"Long shalt thou tarry, O Morna!"
Sullenly, fiercely, Duchômar replied:
"Long shalt thou tarry, O Morna,
To welcome the rude son of Armin.
Lo! on this sharp-edged sword,
Red to the hilt is the life-blood of Cathbat:
Slain is thine hero,
By me he was slain:
His cairn will I build upon Cromla.
— Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac!
Turn on Duchômar thine eye."

"Fallen in death is the brave son of Armin?"
The maiden exclaim'd with the voice of love:
"Fallen in death on the pine-crested hill?
The loveliest youth of the host!
Of heroes the first in the chase!
The direst of foes to the sea-roving stranger!—
Dark is Duchômar in wrath;
Deadly his arm to me;
Foe unto Morna!—but lend me thy weapon,
Cathbat I loved, and I love his blood."

He yielded the sword to her tears;
She plunged the red blade through his side;
He fell by the stream;
He stretch'd forth his hand, and his voice was heard:
"Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac!
Thou hast cut off my youth from renown;
Cold is the sword, the glory of heroes,
Cold in my bosom, O Morna!
—Ah! give me to Moina the maiden,
For I am her dream in the darkness of night;
My tomb she will build in the midst of the camp,
That the hunter may hail the bright mark of my fame.
—But draw forth the sword from my bosom,
For cold is the blade, O Morna!"

Slowly and weeping she came,
And drew forth the sword from his side;
He seized it, and struck the red steel to her heart;

She fell: — on the earth lay her tresses dishevell'd,
The blood gurgled fast from the wound,
And crimson'd her arm of snow.

* * * * *

"Tell me no more of the maiden!"
Cuchullin, the war-chief of Erin replied:
— "Peace to the souls of the heroes!
Their prowess was great in the conflict of swords;
Let them glide by my chariot in war!
Let their spirits appear in the clouds o'er the valley!
So shall my breast be undaunted in danger!

"Be thou like a moon-beam, O Morna!
When my sight is beginning to fail;
When my soul is reposing in peace,
And the tumult of war is no more."

"PERILS BY THE HEATHEN."

2 Corinthians xi. 26.

Lines in memory of the Rev. William Threlfall, Wesleyan Missionary, who, with two native converts (Jacob Links and Johannes Jagger), set out in June, 1825, to carry the gospel into great Nemaqua-land, on the western coast of South Africa. The last communication received from him by his brethren was the following brief note, dated "*Warm Baths, August* 6, 1825. Being rather unkindly handled by this people, in their not finding or not permitting us to have a guide, we returned hither yesterday, after having been to the north four days' journey, and losing one of the oxen. I feel great need of your prayers, and my patience is much tried. These people are very unfeeling and deceitful; but, thank God, we are all in good health, though we doubt of success. Our cattle are so poor that they cannot, I think, bring us home again; but we shall yet try to get further; and then it is not unlikely, I shall despatch Johannes to you to send oxen to fetch us away. Do not be uneasy about us; we all feel much comforted in our souls, and the Lord give us patience. We are obliged to beg hard to buy meat. Peace be with you! — William Threlfall."

No further intelligence arrived concerning the wanderers for seven months, except unauthorized rumors, that they had, in some way, perished in the desert. In the sequel it was ascertained, that Mr. Threlfall and his faithful companions had left the Warm Baths above mentioned about the 9th or 10th of August, having obtained a vagabond guide to the Great Fish River. This wretch, meeting with two others as wicked as himself, conducted them to a petty kraal of Bushmen (the outcasts of all the Caffre tribes), and there murdered them in the night after they had lain down to sleep, for the sake of the few trifling articles which they carried with them for the purchase of food by the way. Two of the assassins were long afterwards taken by some of their own wild countrymen, and by them delivered up to the colonial authorities. One of these was the arch-traitor, called Naangaap, who with his own hand hurled the stone which caused the death of the missionary. He was tried at Clanwilliam, and condemned to be shot. On their way to the place appointed for execution, the escort halted at Lily Fountain, where the relatives of his murdered companion Jacob Links resided. These came out of their dwellings and spoke to the criminal upon his awful situation, of which he seemed little

heedful. Martha, Jacob's sister, was especially concerned to awaken him to a sense of his guilt and peril, saying to him, with true Christian meekness and sympathy, — "I am indeed very sorry for you, though you have killed my brother, because you are indifferent about the salvation of your own sinful soul." On the 30th of September 1827, he was shot, according to his sentence, by six men of his own tribe, at Silver Fountain, on the border of the colony, with the entire concurrence of the chief, who had come from his distant residence to witness the execution.

Mr. Threlfall was a young man who had served on several missionary stations in South Africa, from the year 1822, under great bodily affliction for the most part of the time, but with unquenchable fervency of spirit, and devotion to the work of God among the heathen. His two fellow-laborers and fellow-sufferers, Jacob Links and Johannes Jagger, had voluntarily offered themselves the same service and sacrifice with him, for the sake of carrying the gospel of the grace of God to their benighted countrymen in the further regions of Namaqua-land.

Not by the lion's paw, the serpent's tooth,
  By sudden sun-stroke, or by slow decay,
War, famine, plague, — meek messenger of truth! —
  Wert thou arrested on thy pilgrim-way.

The sultry whirlwind spared thee in its wrath,
  The lightning flash'd before thee, and pass'd by,
The brooding earthquake paused beneath thy path,
  The mountain-torrent shunn'd thee, or ran dry.

Thy march was through the savage wilderness,
  Thine errand thither, like thy gracious Lord's,
To seek and save the lost, to heal and bless
  Its blind and lame, diseased and dying hordes.

How did the love of Christ, that, like a chain,
  Drew Christ himself to Bethlehem from his throne,
And bound Him to the cross, thine heart constrain,
  Thy willing heart to make that true love known.

But not to build, was thine appointed part,
Temple where temple never stood before;
Yet was it well the thought was in thine heart,
— Thou know'st it now, — thy LORD required no more.

The wings of darkness round thy tent were spread,
The wild beast's howlings brake not thy repose;
The silent stars were watching overhead,
Thy friends were nigh thee, — nigh thee were thy foes.

The sun went down upon thine evening prayer,
He rose upon thy finish'd sacrifice;
The house of GOD, the gate of heaven, was there;
Angels and fiends on thee had fix'd their eyes.

At midnight, in a moment, open stood
The' eternal doors to give thy spirit room;
At morn the earth had drunk thy guiltless blood,
— But where on earth may now be found thy tomb?

At rest beneath the ever-shifting sand,
This thine unsculptured epitaph remain,
Till the last trump shall summon sea and land,
"To me to live was Christ; to die was gain."

And must with thee thy slain companions lie,
Unmourn'd, unsung, forgotten where they fell?

O for the spirit and power of prophecy,
Their life, their death, the fruits of both to tell!
They took the cross, they bore it, then lay down
Beneath it, woke, and found that cross their crown.

O'er their lost relics, on the spot where guilt
Slew sleeping innocence, and hid the crime,
A church of Christ, amidst the desert built,
May gather converts till the end of time,
And there, with them, their kindred, dust to dust,
Await the resurrection of the just.

"A CERTAIN DISCIPLE."

Acts ix. 10.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE REV. W. M.

Long may his living countenance express
The air and lineaments of holiness,
And, as from theme to theme his thoughts shall range
In high discourse, its answering aspects change!
— Like Abraham's, faith's sublimest pledge display,
When bound upon the altar Isaac lay;
— Kindle like Jacob's, when he felt his power
With God, and wrestled till the day-break hour;
— Shine like the face of Moses, when he came,
All-radiant, from the mount that burn'd with flame;
— Flash like Elisha's, when, his sire in view,
He caught the mantle and the spirit too;
— Darken like Jonah's, when with "Woe!" he went
Through trembling Nineveh, yet cry "Repent!"
— Brighten like Stephen's, when his foes amazed,
As if an angel stood before them, gazed;
And like that martyr's, at his latest breath,
Reflect his Saviour's image full in death.

Yea, ever in the true disciple's mien,
His meek and lowly Master must be seen,
And in the fervent preacher's boldest word,
That voice which was the voice of mercy heard:
— So may the love which drew, as with a chain,
The Son of GOD from heaven, his heart constrain,
Draw him from earth, and fix his hopes above,
While with the self-same chain, that chain of love,
In new captivity, he strives to bind
Sin's ransom'd slaves, his brethren of mankind;
Laboring and suffering still, whate'er the cost,
By life or death, to seek and save the lost;
That, following Christ, in pure simplicity,
As He was in this world, himself may be,
Till, call'd with Him in glory to sit down,
And with the crown then given the Giver crown.

1834.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF

THE LATE REV. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR,

OF BRADFORD IN YORKSHIRE;

A young minister of great promise, and a poet of no mean order, whose verses, entitled "*Communion with the Dead*," on the removal in early life of a sister, would endear and perpetuate the remembrance of both, were they as generally known as they deserve to be. The survivor died on the 7th of March, 1835, aged 28 years.

Millions of eyes have wept o'er frames
Once living, beautiful and young,
Now dust and ashes, and their names
Extinct on earth because unsung:
Yet song itself hath but its day,
Like the Swan's dirge, — a dying lay.

A dying lay I would rehearse,
In memory of one whose breath
Pour'd forth a stream of such sweet verse
As might have borne away from death
The trophy of a sister's name,
— Winning at once and giving fame.

But all is mortal here — that song
Pass'd like the breeze, which steals from flowers

Their fragrance, yet repays the wrong
With dew-drops, shaken down in showers;
Ah! like those flowers with dew-drops fed,
They sprang, they blossom'd, they are dead.

The poet (spared a little while)
Follow'd the sister all too soon;
The hectic rose that flush'd his smile
Grew pale and wither'd long ere noon;
In youth's exulting prime he gave
What death demanded to the grave.

But that which death nor grave could seize,—
His soul,—into his Saviour's hands
(Who by the cross's agonies
Redeem'd a people from all lands)
He yielded, till "that day" * to keep,
And then like Stephen fell asleep.

"That day" will come, meanwhile weep not,
O ye that loved him! and yet more
Love him for grief that "he is not:"
— Rather with joy let eyes run o'er,
And warm hearts hope his face to see,
Where 'tis for ever "good to be."

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

CHRIST THE PURIFIER.

Malachi iii. 2, 4.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the *one* brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his children tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure!
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?

Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,
But, stampt with heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace,—
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but eternity!"

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

JOHN xvii. 20–23.

FREE yet in chains the mountains stand,
The vallies link'd run hand in hand,
In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their strength derive.

The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
In choirs and concerts sing the birds,
Insects by millions ply the wing,
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.

All nature is society,
All nature's voices harmony,
All colors blend to form pure light,
— Why then should Christians not unite?

Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
"One may they be as We are one;
That I in them, and Thou in Me,
They one with Us may ever be."

Children of GOD! combine your bands,
Brethren in Christ! join hearts and hands.

And pray, — for so the Father will'd, —
That the Son's prayer may be fulfill'd: —

Fulfill'd in you, fulfill'd in all,
That on the name of Jesus call,
And every covenant of love
Ye bind on earth, be bound above!

STANZAS

IN MEMORY OF

ROWLAND HODGSON, ESQ.,

OF SHEFFIELD;

Who departed this life January 27, 1837, aged 63 years. Through a long period of severe bodily affliction, aggravated in the sequel by loss of sight, he signally exemplified the Christian graces of *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*, with humble resignation to the will of God. He had been from his youth one of the most active, liberal, and unwearied supporters of benevolent and evangelical institutions throughout this neighborhood and elsewhere, in foreign lands as well as at home. The writer of these lines had the happiness to be his travelling companion on annual visits and temporary sojourns, which they made together in many parts of the kingdom, from the autumn of 1817 to the same season of 1836.

PART I.

Go where thy heart had gone before
And thy heart's treasure lay;
Go, and with open'd eye explore
Heaven's uncreated day:
Light in the LORD, light's fountain, see,
And light in Him for ever be.

But darkness thou hast left behind;
No sign, nor sight, nor sound,
At home, abroad, of thee I find,
Where thou wert ever found;

Then gaze I on thy vacant place,
Till my soul's eye meets thy soul's face: —

As, many a time, quite through the veil
Of flesh 't was wont to shine,
When thy meek aspect, saintly pale,
In kindness turn'd to mine,
And the quench'd eye its film forgot,
Look'd full on me, — yet saw me not!

Then, through the body's dim eclipse,
What humble accents broke,
While, breathing prayer or praise, thy lips
Of light within thee spoke;
'Midst Egypt's darkness to be felt,
Thy mind in its own Goshen dwelt.

Nor less in days of earlier health,
When life to thee was dear,
Borne on the flowing tide of wealth,
To me this truth was clear,
That hope in Christ was thy best health,
Riches that make not wings thy wealth.

When frequent sickness bow'd thy head,
And every laboring breath,
As with a heavier impulse, sped
Thy downward course to death,
Faith falter'd not that hope to show,
Though words, like life's last drops, fell slow.

How often when I turn'd away,
As having seen the last
Of thee on earth, my heart would say,
— "When my few days are past,
Such strength be mine, though nature shrink,
The cup my Father gives, to drink!"

I saw thee slumbering in thy shroud,
As yonder moon I view,
Now glimmering through a snow-white cloud,
'Midst heaven's eternal blue;
— I saw thee lower'd into the tomb,
Like that cloud deepening into gloom.

All darkness thou hast left behind;
— It was not thee they wound
In dreary grave-clothes, and consign'd
To perish in the ground;
'T was but thy mantle, dropt in sight,
When thou wert vanishing in light.

That mantle, in earth's wardrobe lain,
A frail but precious trust,
Thou wilt reclaim and wear again,
When, freed from worms and dust,
The bodies of the saints shall be
Their robes of immortality.

PART II.

These fragments of departed years,
I gather up and store,
Since thou, — in mercy to our tears
And prayers, — art heal'd no more.
In that last war was no discharge;
— Yet walks thy ransom'd soul at large.

For what, my friend, was death to thee?
A king? a conqueror? — No;
Death, swallow'd up in victory,
Himself a captive foe,
Was sent in chains to thy release,
By Him who on the cross made peace.

When year by year, on pilgrimage,
We journey'd side by side,
And pitch'd and struck, from stage to stage,
Our tents, had we one guide?
One aim? — are *all* our meetings past?
Must our last parting *be* our last?

Nay, GOD forbid! — if hand and heart,
On earth we loved to roam,
— Where *once* to meet is *ne'er* to part,
In heaven's eternal home,
Our Father's house, not made with hands,
May we renew our friendship's bands!

Thus, as I knew thee well and long,
Thy private worth be told:
What thou wert more, affection's song
Presumes not to unfold:
Thy works of faith and zeal of love,
Are they not register'd above?

Are they not register'd below?
— If few their praise record,
Yet, in the judgment, all shall know,
Thou didst them to thy LORD;
For 't was thy soul's delight to cheer
The least of all his brethren here.

Though less than even the least of these,
Thou didst thyself esteem,
Thou wert a flower-awakening breeze,
A meadow-watering stream:
The breeze unseen its odors shed,
The stream unheard its bounty spread.

What art thou now? — Methinks for thee
Heaven brightens round its king;
New beams of the Divinity,
New-landing spirits bring,
As GOD on each his image seals,
And ray by ray himself reveals.

While ray by ray those thronging lines
To one great centre tend,

Fulness of grace and glory shines
In CHRIST, their source and end,
To show, where all perfections meet,
The orb of Deity complete.

PART III.

So rest in peace, thou blessed soul!
Where sin and sorrow end;
So may *I* follow to the goal,
— Not *thee*, not *thee*, my friend!
But *Him*, whom thou, through joy and woe,
Thyself didst follow on to know.

Faint yet pursuing, I am strong,
Whene'er *his* steps I trace;
Else, slow of heart, and prone to wrong,
I yet may lose the race,
If on *thy* course I fix mine eye,
And *Him* in *thee* not glorify.

The wild, the mountain-top, the sea,
The throng'd highway he trode,
The path to quiet Bethany,
And Calvary's dolorous road:
Where He then leads me must be right;
— I walk by faith, and not by sight.

END.